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WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE TIMES.

## FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH;

### A STORY OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY MRS. L. M. HUTCHINSON.

Far towards the North lies that beautiful sheet of water, Lake Ontario. This inland sea, as it may be called, has many fine residences situated on its margin, as well on the Canadian side as ours. Not many miles from the flourishing city of Toronto stands an old Canadian residence. It is embosomed in trees, and woodbines and roses cover its gables—whilst lake Ontario in front stretches far away in the distance—bearing on its bosom vessels of every description freighted with stores from every clime. It was a lovely evening in May; April, capricious April, with its sunshine and showers, had passed away, ushering in May with her beautiful and variegated landscapes and scattering flowers of every hue over the surface of the Earth. It was on this evening, that a young man sprang from his canoe, and mooring it by a large rock that projected over the water, stepped lightly over the green sward to the residence to which we have referred. He had proceeded in that direction about half the distance—when he paused a moment, and directed his steps towards an alcove under some overhanging trees.

The bower was screened from view by trailing vines, and seemed a lovely tristing place. He entered, but was scarcely seated, before the opposite entrance was darkened by the appearance of a figure—much to his surprise and confusion.

This figure was that of a young lady, who, drawing near to the strange visitor, burst into tears. At this moment a hand was tenderly laid upon her shoulder. She started, and would have screamed had not the voice of Lewis Randall assured her that a friend was near.

The full moon now just emerging from a dark cloud, disclosed features of a classic mould—and a form that a Juno would have envied as well as a grace in her deportment, that distinguished her from the ignorant and unrefined. And indeed her education was not limited, nor her accomplishments few—but in nature she was not less skilled than in art—this, to a great extent, having been her more accurate teacher.

The young gentleman was not unlike our heroine in his mental and moral culture—just such an individual, indeed, as she might appropriately esteem and love.

Lewis Randall possessed genius of a high order, and which only required improvement to secure its appropriate exhibition—but alas! fortune had never bestowed upon him or his predecessors the requisite means. She had kept him and them debarred from glittering ore. On him also had for years been dependent a widowed mother—and in consequence he had been deprived of the means to secure wealth and fame to which he had always ardently aspired.

"Why those tears?" said he to Carrie Rutherford, the young lady, whom we have already introduced to the notice of the reader. "Why are you weeping?—if indeed I may make the enquiry? Has that cruel uncle of yours been lecturing you again?"

"Ah!" replied she, "it is only the old story—that of spending the winter in Quebec—but I cannot and will not go."

Carrie was an orphan—her father had died in England, and her mother had immigrated to this country bringing Carrie and an infant son, but the climate not being congenial to her delicate constitution, she died leaving Carrie and her infant brother to an uncle, whose only aim was to get possession of the property left to these young children, and his object in wishing Carrie to go to Quebec was of a two-fold character. In the first place he desired to sunder the ties of friendship that had been formed between young Randall and Carrie; in the second to throw her into the company of his own son.

This son seemed to have much money at command; as often, at the gaming table, he staked large amounts. Where this money came from was not too well known at this time. His principles being not of the most rigid kind, he, like his father, was anxious to get hold of the property, that was to fall into Carrie's hands. Of course his object was to carry on his professional designs with more success—as he supposed he should be able to do, if he had greater means at command. He was likewise anxious to show to the world what he could do in the matrimonial way; and supposed that if he could secure the hand of Carrie in a few years, she would render him quite an enviable character.

Such was the condition of things, when Lewis Randall met with Carrie in the beautiful bower of which we have spoken.

Lewis continuing the conversation alluded to in this place, enquired—

"And what, Carrie, would you do with your little brother supposing that you should go to Quebec as your uncle insists?"

"Ah! that distresses me most," said Carrie, "for this cruel uncle of mine will not permit my little brother to accompany me. The little one has received every requisite attention from me from infancy, and therefore could ill do without me now—especially too as his health is at this time very delicate—and I promised to my dear mother, when she was dying that I would never leave him to the care of strangers."

"Well, Carrie," said Lewis, "I do not know to what conclusion in this matter you will feel bound to come, but rest assured that you have my sympathy; and that I regret that this is all that I can offer you at this time, that will afford you any comfort. A better fortune however I hope may await you than you now anticipate. Sometimes a dark and cloudy scene terminates in a more brilliant display of light and sunshine."

Soon after this period the little child began to decline, and continuing to do so, Mr. Castleton consented that his niece should take him with them. Under these circumstances Carrie went the more willingly, especially, as medical advice was not easily procurable at the residence of her uncle. Soon after the arrival of the party at Quebec, they went to the house of a distant relative, where every comfort and convenience in life were at hand.

The change having a favorable effect upon little Willie, he soon became strong and healthy, and when the weather was pleasant, Carrie often took him to the commanding heights, which furnish so delightful a view of the city. There with him for the hundredth time, in some sequestered place, she would read the last epistle received from Lewis, giving him to understand that every revisal of the letter furnished something new.

The summer was now drawing to a close. At this time Lewis wrote to Carrie that he had had the misfortune to lose his mother, and that he had met with an irreparable loss.

Carrie's answer contained expressions of deep sympathy for his condition and manifestations of true regard. He now determined in his own mind that no obstacle should prevent his gaining the hand of one so evidently interested in his future welfare.

Accordingly with this determination ever in his mind, he left his home, and crossing the lake he came to the United States—sad, indeed, to think that he must no more for a time, at least, see the places and friends that he accounted most dear. One lovely face he could not see for the present—and only could bear its fair image in his heart—his mother's face he wept to think that he should see no more on earth again.

In the United States he expected to find an appropriate sphere for his ambition. His education qualified him to read law. His aspiration was to become eminent as a jurist. And yet means were requisite to the accomplishment of his wishes. His first application was for a clerkship in a mercantile establishment. Here he was directed to call the next day. Lewis returned to his boarding house with enlivened hopes. All seemed bright before him—the horizon to be without a cloud—so sure was he in his own mind of success. Alas! he was disappointed. Another person had supplanted him. He applied to another store of a similar character, but was rebuffed by a want of due references. These unfortunately he did not have—he was now a stranger in a strange land!

Under these circumstances, he returned to his boarding house dispirited. And day after day passed away, and still he did not succeed in finding employment.

On closing accounts with his landlord only a shilling remained of his entire property in the world. "What should he now do?" was his reflection. "Try again," came like an echo upon his ear; and once more he went in search of employment. After a long and tedious day without success, night found him still in the streets—his last shilling like the rest of his money having left him—this last piece of money having been given to relieve a half famished little girl!

And now where should he find a shelter from the cold breezes of the night? He was without a farthing in his purse! Could he rightly go to a public house without the hope, even, of remunerating his landlord for his lodging? His very spirit revolted at it. And now reaching the market place, he threw himself down at one of the stalls, overcome with depression of spirits and abstinence from food—and to rise thence seemed to him utterly impossible. Slowly passed the night away, and only the stars of heaven illumined his pitiable nocturnal lodgment. Nor was any thing heard save now and then the voice or footstep of the watchman!

Lewis thus found himself chilled with the cold, and feeling very ill, nor could he at all anticipate the result of his present unhappy condition. To ask for the divine protection was all that was left him. Nor did he look in vain for assistance from his present distress. The thought occurred to him that he was an *Odd Fellow*—as he was thus fixing his thoughts on providential aid. And now the question arose in his mind—"Is there an *Order* in Boston?" He feared not for at this time Odd Fellowship in America was something new.

Whilst these things were passing through his mind—the country carts began to congregate around the market—star after star began to grow dim; and as day dawn began to appear, Lewis had slipped from the stall, and supported himself by one of the pillars. Just then a gentleman of a benign and pleasing countenance passed with a pair of fowls in his hand. Coming near the place where Lewis was standing to learn the price of some vegetables, the latter craved an audience with him; but finding himself sinking to the ground from faintness, he grasped him by the hand. He was no more conscious of anything—darkness came over his vision; he had swooned and fallen to the earth. Hours passed away before Lewis was restored to a state of consciousness. He was taken seriously ill. Awaking at last from a deep sleep he saw beside him two gentlemen. The window and bed were overhung with costly curtains, and at the bed-side, were various articles used for food and drink appropriated to the one lying sick there. He then enquired where he was. The answer was—"*with Friends*"—and by a symbolical intimation he knew he was in company with *Odd Fellows!*

Days passed away, and Lewis was in a state bordering on the grave, but never for a moment was he left alone. One, or more of "the Order," was his constant attendant watching over him and administering to his necessities. When he had become convalescent he found that the gentleman, whom he had addressed in the market, knew when he was about to faint, that he was "a brother" in distress—and therefore good Samaritan-like—he took him to his own house.

This gentleman being a physician, likewise, took his case in hand and with what success his convalescene showed.

This gentleman came one day into his chamber, and whilst conversing with him, he asked him the cause of his melancholy.

"O!" exclaimed Lewis, "I can never pay you the debt of gratitude, that I owe you, but my present trouble arises, now, from a desire to be no longer a burden to you. Could I but find employment—but alas! that is impossible. Here I have tried every expedient possible, but have failed."

"Indeed," replied Doctor Sewall, "then I have done the very thing that seemed to be requisite. I have obtained a clerkship for you in one of our wholesale stores. In your ravings, whilst under the influence of fever, I found out all your secrets, and knew what your present circumstances required."

"Is it possible," said Lewis, "how happened it, Doctor, that you were so successful?"

"Ah! Lewis," replied the Doctor, "you seem to forget that we possess a *key* that opens men's hearts when other means have failed."

"O! I understand," said Lewis, "I am to be again indebted to that glorious "order"—the order that possesses such talismanic power! I never knew, before, all the benefits to be obtained from such a brotherhood. I was aware, it is true, that they visited the sick, relieved the widow and educated the orphan; and that this was incumbent upon them, but beyond that I hardly dreamed of any other good effects."

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

FROM OUR COR. EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

### AN IMPROMPTU.

*To my lady friend Miss Mattie Livesay.*

BY ROB. G. STAPLES.

O, woman—could I speak thy praise,
Or weave a wreath to bind
Thy calm, white brow, thro' life's short days!
Could I but show thy thousand winning ways
To bless and cheer mankind,—
I'd crave no higher fame,
No greater boon, nor loftier name.

THE RANGE OF THE HUMAN VOICE.—There are about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,415 different sounds; thus, 14 direct muscles, alone or together, produce 16,383; 30 indirect muscles, ditto 173,741,823, and all cooperating produce the number we have named, and these independently of different degrees of intensity.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

### MUSINGS.

BY R. M. KIMLY.

Musing by my window,
Watching evening's light,
Fading from the meadow
And from the mountain height,
Like solemn music pealing
Through a church deserted aisle,
Thoughts came sadly stealing
Through my brain thus fancy wild.

Music of the voice of friends
Now silent in the dust,
The voice of childhood's melody,
That's long ago been hushed,
In fancy's fairy realms I heard
A sister's kindly greeting,
A mother's gentle voice,
That's many years been sleeping.

As evening's star's appearing
One by one above,
Thus—said I to my drooping heart—
Depart the friends we've loved,
A day upon the earth they spend,
When death's dark night appears,
There spirits upward take their flight
To dwell in other spheres.

Thus, musing by my window,
Watching the stars o'er head,
My thoughts were with the long ago,
And many friends' who're dead.
And my lonely heart grew sad
As I thought of the change on earth,
So many of life's sweetest dreams
Doomed to death at birth.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

### THE NEW FURNITURE.

BY INA CLAYTON.

"Charles, isn't it elegant?" asked Ellen Clark of her husband, pointing to the new furniture which had that day been brought by the upholsterer, to her cottage.

"Yes dear, and I suppose you have exerted yourself to get it all arranged by my return; it is very nice Ellen—but—"

"But what Charles, oh don't pray fetch up any bugbears, but, since we have got what my heart has so long sought for let us be happy."

"Well Ellen sit down to the piano and play me one of those old German songs that I so delighted to hear before we were married."

Ellen cheerfully complied and for a few moments Charles wore a less troubled look, he seemed carried back, in imagination to the joyous days of his bachelorhood when the fair Ellen with her maiden smiles was day by day winning his heart "intirely," but a loud ring at the door bell soon interrupted his revery and Ellen's song. It was the upholsterer who came to present his bill. Charles examined it and with a startled look exclained "Why Ellen, is it possible this furniture amounts to a thousand dollars."

"A long credit Charles."

"Let us see only till first of January which is scarcely six months, how do you think I am to pay it pussy? and the carpets and other things amount to two or three hundred dollars more."

"Have I done wrong, Charles?" asked Ellen looking into her husband's face.

"Don't trouble yourself about it darling I will try and meet the demands although my salary is small and my health is failing." These kind words with their appalling truth, sunk deeper into Ellen's heart than though she had met reproaches, and she retired with a pang at her heart. She realized for the first time how her husband must toil to pay for so many fine things and indeed she knew he never could do it; it was utterly impossible, and through the long long night she tossed to and fro upon her couch and never one moments sleep came to lull her senses to repose. Only the night before she had looked forward to the ensuing day as one marked with happiness, but it had proved one of regrets.

The morning rose bright and clear and Ellen arose and performed the duties that she had been wont to do, and why did not Charles arise as usual, she went to his bedside.

"Oh Ellen such a dreadful headache," and he clasped his forehead with his attenuated hands. "Can you send word to my employer."

"Yes dearest" and in a few moments a boy was on his way to Ruggles & Co., with the painful intellegence that Charles Clark was very ill; a fever ensued. Three long weeks it raged and most of the time his life was despaired of, and Ellen had taken scarce a moments rest during the time. In his frantic moments he had raved of the debt he could never pay and it was impossible to soothe him. At length his fever attained a crisis; oh that dreaded moment, either death or life, but it proved to be the latter and Charles Clark though emaciated and worn was himself again, and what tears of gratitude filled the eyes of the loving wife, as again he twined his arms caressingly about her neck and whispered sweet words of hope into her ears, for be it known the world never looks brighter than to one who is recovering from a severe fit of sickness; even the debt seemed nearly forgotten in his sweet dream for the future; but a reaction followed as his strength returned, so likewise his fears. One evening after he had become quite strong Ellen asked him to accompany her to the parlor; it wearied him somewhat descending the stairs but as he reached the bottom the parlor door stood ajar; for a moment he gazed about the room where only a few weeks previous the luxurious furniture was standing, but now, what a change! nothing but the simple old furniture which had been there since they were first married.

"What does this mean Ellen?" asked the convalescent man, "can it be I am dreaming?" and again he surveyed the room.

"Charles" said Ellen gaily "the furniture is returned to the upholsterer. I persuaded him to take it back; and as you was so sick I presume he thought he never should get his pay and consequently was willing to do it. I am happier without it Charles, so do not scold me for doing as I have. By making that purchase I have learned a lesson which I can never forget; hereafter I shall buy nothing that I am not able to pay for when I take it. My fine carpet is laid aside until I can afford to get furniture to match. The carpet is not paid for but you need not trouble yourself about that dear Charles, for I have agreed to pay for it in sewing."

Charles was at a loss for words to express his thanks for possessing such a treasure as his wife, and he could only draw her to his heart and imprint the kiss of holy love upon her lips.

Years have passed, Charles has succeeded admirably in business, he is no longer toiling for another's gain but has a capital of his own; he also owns the beautiful cottage in which he and his precious Ellen reside and it is elegantly furnished. He attributes his good fortune to the influence and excellent management of his wife, and says she has never erred but once.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

### SONNET * * WASHINGTON!

BY C. MURCHISON.

"God save! Great Washington," the soldier's heart,
Exstatic, shouted it, and leaped for joy,
Napoleon or Cæsar might employ
Low flattery to sing the same by art.
Go ask the lark, that hails the golden East,
Why sings he 'bove the morning's chariot wheels
All who may love its own emotion feels
Sovereign of Virtue, noblest, greatest, least,
He drave a lamb and lion in his car,
In mystery the man not understood
Not only brave and virtuous, but good,
Gentle and modest, yet the morning star,
Triumphant shine beloved, forever more,
O Washington, the sonnet scale is poor,
Now take th' acrostic and a line more!

REFLECTIONS ON METHUSELAH.—How many men are there who have ever taken into their minds the full meaning of those nine hundred sixty and nine years which measured the life of the oldest inhabitant? Figures of arithmetic are empty symbols, we measure them by deeds. One summer's life in busy, fruitful lands seems longer to man's heart than centuries at the frozen pole. Yet, though history records nothing of the labors of Methuselah, we know that his hours did not "slumber nor sleep." They were the same winged messengers that outrun cashless debtors and cut short lovers' dreams. They were the same swift stepping elves, O faded beauty! whose forked feet trod thy dimples into wrinkles. The Time that waited so long on Methuselah was the same striding skeleton that swings a pitiless scythe in the pages of the New England Primer. His fields were mowed less frequently than now, but they yielded heavier crops. "For there were giants in those days."

We have measured the age of Methuselah only by the sun-dial. Let us take the coil of the life, the nine hundred and sixty and nine years of his pilgrimage, and roll it out from this present over a past which history has lighted. It stretches back beyond the landing of the pilgrims—beyond the brightness of the reformation, into the dim twilight of the middle ages; back beyond the new birth of a continent; beyond Agincourt, and Cressy, and Hastings, and over the graves of twenty-five generations, to the very childhood of the English people! William the Conqeror, if he should rise at this day to confound the ambitious names which claim to have "come over" with him, would be younger, by one hundred years, than Methuselah was when he died!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

### CONTEMPLATION.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The sunbeams bright are streaming through
The chamber where I set;
And in the glen the merry birds
Are singing sweetly yet.
The robin in its tiny rest
Pours forth its hymn of praise;
But my sad mind is wandering now
To by-gone happy days.

'Tis said that angels from the skies
Descend off from above;
To show us mortals here below
How pure the angels love;
And thou wert one—for thy sweet voice
Was melody to all,—
Alas, alas, thy form now lies
Beneath the silent pall.

The mountain stream still gushes on
As in the days of yore;
But thou who wandered by its banks,
Art with us now no more
And every scene is dark to me
As sad I gaze around;
For they have laid thee in the grave
Within the dark cold ground.

### MARGARET FULLER.

BY ROLANTHE.

Mrs. Jamieson, the well-known English writer, informs us in the introduction to one of her critical works, that "women are illustrious in history generally in proportion to the mischief they have done or caused." Without stopping to examine the truth of this remarkable assertion, so far as its general application is concerned, we find, however, on descending to particular cases, that its veracity will not allow the test. A noble exception is found in the example of Margaret Fuller; and that the assertion may truthfully apply to her, its entire sense must be materially changed. In striking contrast with the women of the present day, Margaret Fuller approximated most perceptibly to the ideal standard of perfect life; and had her days been prolonged, she might have fully attained its excellence. To her is, in a measure, due the initiation of the present step toward reform, as regards the condition of woman—for whom, among other indispensable requisites, she deemed a thorough education as a prime necessity; and in herself we find this important need fulfilled. To cite a woman of greater mental culture, combined with true, critical discernment, and a rarer equipoise of mind, were difficult. While she evolved theories, she at the same time put them into practice, embodying in herself, as far as possible, her ideals, and making them realities.

Her conversational powers were brilliant and varied in the extreme; and though perhaps slightly repellant at first, she ultimately won the love and admiration of nearly all. Never intentionally pedantic, her conversation displayed great beauty, as well as brilliant powers of criticism, which were seldom, if ever, exercised in useless severity or useless indulgence, but always with truth and justice. She was quick to discern whatever latent gem of noble capability there might exist in those with whom she came in contact; and, with a womon's true discrimination, she encouraged or depreciated, as final benefit required, whatever of good or evil there was inherent in their characters. To do this aright, rare skill and prudence were requisite; nevertheless, she seldom failed; and thus when a suitable basis was established, she urged them to rear thereon a noble structure. In this laudable manner she endeavored to elevate the standard of true existence, evidently viewing it as a task well worth the labor of a lifetime. Petrarch has beautifully outlined her general character in the following couplet:

"Il vago spirito ardento,
In alto intelletto, un puro core."

We wish the women of the present day would take Margaret Fuller for at least a partial standard, worthy of their attainment. The world would be the better for it; for her life was not wholly bound up, as it were, in mere social enjoyments, though they were not undervalued; nor did the follies of fashion engross her leisure time. Ah, no, she lived for something higher, more worthy of her exalted powers and womanly ambition.

Such was Margaret Fuller. A sad calamity prematurely ended her life, and now she sleeps in an ocean grave. But "though dead, she yet speaketh;" her noble example survives.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.—He was travelling through a part of Virginia in which he was unacquainted. During the time he stopped a night at an inn near the forks of the road. The innkeeper was a fine gentleman, and no doubt one of the first families of the Old Dominion.—Knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored during the evening to draw him into a conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning, when Mr. Randolph was ready to set out, he called for his bill, which, on being presented, was paid. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation with him, began as follows:

"Which way are you travelling, Mr. Randolph?"

"Sir?" said Mr. Randolph, with a look of displeasure.

"I asked," said the landlord, "which way are you travelling?"

"Have I paid you my bill?"

"Yes."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No"

"Well, I'm going just where I please; do you understand?"

The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off; but, to the landlord's surprise, in a few minutes sent one of his servants to inquire which of the forks of the road to take. Mr. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his voice, "Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent; just take which road you please." It is said that the air turned blue with the curses of Randolph.

### A Boy that had a Heart.

A French paper says that Lucille Rome, a pretty girl with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction under the charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah! my good sir," said she, "I have no longer any friends; my father and mother are dead—I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. O, sir? what can he do for me?

"Here I am, sister; here I am! do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the court. At the same instant, a little boy with a lively countenance started from amidst the crowd and stood before the judge.

"Who are you?" said he.

"James Rome, the brother of that poor little girl."

"Your age?"

"Thirteen."

"And what do you want?"

"I came to claim my Lucille."

"But have you the means of providing for her?"

"Yesterday I had none, but now I have, Don't be afraid, Lucille."

"O, how good you are, James!"

"Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate, "the court is disposed to do all that it can for your sister. But you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago, sir, continued the boy, my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself, I will become an artizan, and, when I know a good trade, I will support my sister. I went an apprentice to a brushmaker. Every day I used to carry her half my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept on the bed while I slept on the floor. But it appears she had not enough to eat. One day she begged on the Boulevard, and was taken up. When I heard that, I said to myself, Come, my boy, things cannot last so; you must find something better. I soon found a good place where I am lodged, fed, and clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who, for those twenty francs, will take care of Lucille, and teach her needlework. I claim my sister."

"My boy," said the judge, "your conduct is very honorable. However, your sister cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow."

"Never mind, Lucille," said the boy, "I will come and fetch you early to morrow." Then turning to the magistrate, he said, "I may kiss her, may I not, sir?"

He then threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept warm tears of affection.

### Discoveries in Africa.

The discoveries of Dr. Livingstone in Africa are considered of great commercial value. He lived with a tribe of Beehuanas for eight years, and, in co-operation with Mr. Oswald, discovered Lake Ngami. He traced by himself the course of the great river Zambesi, in Eastern Africa, and extending two thousand miles.

This immense stream, whose discovery is the great fruit of the journey, is in itself an enigma without parallel. But a small portion of its waters reach the sea-coast. Like the Abyssinian Nile, it falls through a basaltic cleft, near the middle of its course, which reduces its breadth from 1,000 to 20 yards. Above these falls it spreads out periodically into a great sea, filling hundreds of lateral channels; below it is a tranquil stream of a totally different character; its mouths seem to be closing. The southernmost was navigable when the Portuguese first arrived in the country, three hundred years ago, but it has long since ceased to be practicable.—The Quillimane mouth has of late years been impassable, even for a canoe, from July to February, and for two to three hundred miles up the river navigation is never attempted in the dry season. And in this very month of July, when the lower portion of the river, after its April freshets, has sunk to a mere driblet, above the falls the river spreads out like a sea over hundreds of square miles.

# THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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## Terrible Calamity.

LOSS OF STEAMER, CENTRAL AMERICA, WITH NEARLY FIVE HUNDRED LIVES AND $2,000,000 IN GOLD.

From an extra sent us by Messrs Rowland & Bros., issued from the Argus Office, Norfolk, Va., we have the details, as reported by the rescued, of one of the most appalling disasters that has ever happened upon any sea, and the intelligence will send a thrill of heartfelt and sorrowful emotion wherever the dreadful account shall be heard.

The steamship Central America, formerly the George Law, W. L. Herndon, U. S. N. commander, foundered at sea at 8 o'clock, P. M., on the 12th inst, on the Eastern edge of the Gulf Stream, in latitude 31°50'; longitude 76°15'; with about five hundred souls on board, and $2,000,000 of treasure.

The gale commenced Thursday evening, 10th inst. At 2 o'clock on the 11th, the ship sprung a leak, and Capt. T. W. Badger, with great coolness, and at the same time, extraordinary decision, presence of mind and skill, organized a company among the passengers, who commenced baling, the ship's engine having stopped and the pumps being entirely useless.

In consequence of the stopping of the machinery, the ship fell off in the trough of the sea and lay over on one side, allowing the water to flow in rapidly. The baling under the direction of Capt. Badger, went on vigorously; different gangs passing up the water in buckets, &c., through all the hatch ways.

At 6 P. M., the foremast was cut away to relieve the ship, and the water did not increase for several hours; but at 12 o'clock, the passengers were worn out by the labor of getting up the water.

At 4 o'clock, Saturday morning 12th, the gale somewhat abated, but the sea continued very heavy. The baling now was renewed with great activity, pork barrels, &c., being rigged and the water drawn up through every hatch way; but the water gained rapidly, it became evident that the ship must sink, and assistance was anxiously looked for. Signals of distress were raised and a [illegible] was discovered to windward—at 3 o'clock the brig Marine, came to the assistance of the sinking ship.

Two of the steamer's five boats were lost in getting them down, and in the remaining three were placed the women and children, with four men to row and one to steer in each. In the last boat that left the ship there were only two women, and the boat was then filled with men, among these was the 1st Engineer. The efforts of the passengers to keep the steamer afloat were vigorously going on—at 5 o'clock the brig was five or six miles to leeward and it was impossible to get nearer to the steamer—and the boats could not get along side.

The second cabin floor was now under water, and the baling went on with all possible rapidity—the stern loud voice of Captain Badger being heard in every part of the ship encouraging the almost hopeless passengers in the last effort to save the lives of those on board.

A schooner was spoken, and the Captain promised to lay by the steamer all night, but being short of sail, she drifted far to leeward

The baling continued till 7 o'clock when the water had reached the upper saloon deck, and then the work of getting out the water ceased—no vessel or boat in sight. At 10 minutes before the ship went down, rockets were fired from both wheel houses, in the usual way of indicating the sinking condition of a ship—and then the moment of terror arrived. At 8 o'clock, every person got what he could, to save himself. Two waves swept entirely over the steamer, wild shrieks of dispair burst from the lips of the hopeless crowd that thronged the decks; the sea yawned, and the floating castle with many a struggling being, went down in the fearful vortex—

"In one vast burial blent!"

Many however, succeeded in the effort to keep afloat, but they soon drifted apart, and were compelled to contend alone with the heavily rolling surges that threatened every moment to overcome them.

At half past 1 o'clock, Sunday morning, the Norwegian bark Ellen, Captain Johnson, from Belize, bound to England, while running before the wind under full sail, was surprised by the cries of human beings. The Captain immediately rounded to, and hove his bark back, and commenced rescuing the sufferers, and succeeded by 10 o'clock, A. M. getting 40 on board. After patiently waiting till 12 o'clock and seeing nothing but pieces of drift wood, the vessel changed her course for the nearest port, which proved to be that of Norfolk, and arrived off Cape Henry, on Thursday at 7 o'clock, P. M.

It is a gratifying fact that all the women (26) and children were saved. Twenty of the ladies were married, sixteen of whom were made widows by this fearful calamity. The hours of intense and agonizing suspense, the despair that seized on them, and, finally, the sudden engulphing of so large a concourse of human beings, amidst the liveliest emotions of sym-

pathy, and can better be imagined than described.

Capt. Herndon remained on board to the last, doing what he could to save the ship and the passengers, and went down with the rest beneath the waves

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Charles Reade's new novel, *White Lies*, the first half of which, in two pamphlet parts, has been published, is very generally pronounced nearly, if not quite equal in brilliancy and effectiveness to the author's "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnson," and "Never too Late to Mend;" of the last of which forty-two thousand copies have been already sold in England alone. The new tale is as skillful as these in the management of characters, and the development of the points in the story, and quite as absorbing in its dramatic action. Although it contains no powerful demolition of a hideous deformity—like the masterly laying bare of the prison discipline, in his work immediately preceding the present—and although the very title "White Lies" appears so far as singularly inapposite to its contents, it is, nevertheless, as powerful and melo-dramatic in the field it occupies—a new one for Reade—and we doubt not that the mystery of the title will be unraveled somewhere before the end. The work is valuable, moreover, as marking the progressive character of Reade's mind, and for the evidence it gives of its author's determination to renounce those mannerisms which marred his former books. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston: Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

*Poems by "Rosa,"* (Rosa Vertuer Johnson) in a handsome 12 mo. volume, is the latest issue of those eminent Poet Publishers, Ticknor & Fields. In Rosa Vertuer Johnson the reader will recognize the "Rosa" whose exquisite poetical fancies have been radiating for some time past from the Louisville Journal and two or three of our magazines into all the "poet's corners" in the country. Many a home has been brightened and many a heart lightened by their perusal. Rosa's muse is graceful, simple and natural, neither strained nor restrained, and full, rich and harmonious. We are especially reminded in lingering over her lays of the sweet poetess—the sweetest our country has produced—Mrs. Frances S. Osgood. Some old favorites greet us at the opening, and especially are we pleased to meet once more, The Frozen Ship, The Closing Year, Belshazzar's Feast, etc. We admit that, if tried by the severest critical standard, many of these pieces would be found wanting; but there is a portrait of a lovely woman in the book which cannot fail to disarm criticism. The thousands of Rosa's admirers in the South should by all means possess this exquisite volume.

*Mellichampe*, a Legend of the Santee, and *Woodcraft*, or Hawks about the Dovecote, a Story of the South at the close of the Revolution, two of the favorite revolutionary romances of W. Gilmore Simms, are republished by J. S. Redfield, Esq., New York—T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. We are glad that the widely extended popularity of Mr. Simms continually calls for new editions of his works. In the South, where perhaps he is more extensively read than any other novelist, his works have a permanent interest for their graphic preservation of southern revolutionary incidents; and not one of them probably has a fame more certainly established than the twain just named. They belong to the series of "Revolutionary Romances," which, with the six volumes of "Border Tales," and four miscellaneous novels of southern history, now form quite a little library of the most delightful historical romances in the language. We are glad to learn that Mr. Redfield has in press his first edition in uniform style of The Damsel of Darien, and the Martin Faber of the author, and an entirely new work entitled, Shepherd Jocelyn, a Tale of the Georgia Loyalists.

*Martin Chuzzlewit*, one of Dickens' most entertaining works, notwithstanding its shabby misrepresentation of American manners and American institutions, is now added to Mr. T. B. Peterson's beautiful uniform edition of Charles Dickens in duodecimo. The series thus far comprises sixteen volumes, and a more elegant adornment for the library is not to be conceived of. The two volumes now issued are in no whit inferior in typographical excellence, etc., to their predecessors; and with the excellent character of the engravings—which are *new* and carefully executed fac similes of the original designs by Phiz and Cruikshank, and not worn out plates, retouched, as is generally the case with reprints—we say with all these excellent qualities in the getting up of these books it is not surprising that the sales are immense. We need not play the critic on "Martin Chuzzlewit" with its Pecksniff, and Jonas, Mark Tapley and the astonishing Mrs. Gamp. There is not a reader but will be glad to make their reacquaintance through the handsome volumes of Mr. Peterson.

Mr. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia, has published in uniform style as parts of his cheap library of standard romance, three celebrated works of fiction; the *Chrisne* of Madame de Stael, translated by L. E. L., *Consuelo*, by George Sand, and its sequel *The Countess of Rudolstadt*. "Corinne or Italy" has become a classical work. No less an authority than Sir James Mackintosh has pronounced it one of the most graceful and beautiful narratives in any language. The three volumes are issued in Mr. Peterson's cheap fifty cent form, with good typography and paper, and are well adapted for mailing.

*Alger's Oriental Poetry*—published by Messrs. Whitemore, Niles & Hall, Boston: Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia—is a neat and serviceable 12 mo. volume, containing in a comprehensive and convenient form a full summary of the rich and sparkling poetry of the Orient. A certain and beautiful interest hangs over the country of the East. Its fables and fairy tales awaken in childhood raptures that will carry the rosiest hues through all the darkest life. We pity the man who can lose the sensibilities that the genii and fairies awakened in his youth. In the volume of Mr. Alger's these tales of imagination and enchantment assume another form. They appear to have grown up—so to speak—to the dignity of manhood, following our maturer years, and enabling us still to enjoy their richness, their excess, and wonderful beauty. We know not which most to admire, the gorgeous and surpassing loveliness of the rich field opened in this volume, or the scholarly care and erudition which have evidently been required in its preparation.

*The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt*, now first entirely collected, revised by himself, and edited with an introduction by S. Adams Lee, is the inviting title of two of the dainty blue and gold volumes published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston: Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia. We love the very name of Leigh Hunt. It is inseparably connected with some of the most charming waifs and essays in the English language. Genial, eloquent, and overflowing with tenderness and feeling, the delightful characteristics which have made his name the very synonym of all that is pleasant and winning in daily intercourse he delights no less to bring to the perfecting of the lightest trifle that flows from his pen. There is not a grain of latent bitterness or uncharitableness in his composition. He is in fact an enthusiast in the kindlier emotions; all of which we find characteristic of the two elegant little volumes just issued. "Abou Ben Adhem," "The Story of Rimini," and an hundred other pieces we could name, will forever constitute a part of our literature.

*The Poems of Charles Swain*, published by Whitemore, Niles & Hall, Boston; Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia, is another of the elegant blue and gilt cabinet volumes, and, as the reader may infer from the author's name, is one of the most entertaining of the series. Were it not that Charles Mackay stands in the way, Swain might justly be styled the Beranger of England. His verses are full of humanity and hope, and incentives to courage and perseverance and all goodness. He is essentially the poet of the English people, though his strains fall not less welcome on an American's ear. The world he regards as one brotherhood, and he who does the most for the happiness of his kind—even though he be but a "poor simple singer"—as the one who nearest fulfills his true mission. In reading his lays we think most of the sweet, earnest singer, Eliza Cook, whose characteristics so closely resemble his that she deserves to be called his sister. She calls him the great poet of the age, or something just as good. His admirers are counted by the thousand in this country, to whom this elegant little volume will be acceptable.

Mr. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia, publishes in his cheap fifty cent, mailable, pamphlet form, *Llorente's History of the Inquisition in Spain*, a book which probably more fully than any other, describes the peculiarities and horrors of the "Institution."

### Encouraging Facts Resulting from Colportage in N. C.

The subjoined letter from Mr. Crowder was sent us in a printed slip, we presume for publication, in which we take much pleasure, and hope it may have the desired good effect in aiding in this great work—

We rejoice to say to our friends in North Carolina, who are taking such deep interest with us in the Colporteur work, by their contributions, prayers and counsels, that the Lord has greatly blessed the gospel truth, spoken and distributed at the firesides of thousands in our State during the last 3 months, hundreds of whom never had a religious visit or book before. Thus ignorance has been kindly met at home with light for the first time; gross error arrested by God's truth; sectarian bigotry shown its folly and ruinous influence by the gospel glass of "Christ and him crucified," being held up before it; and many precious souls led savingly to Christ. God has continued to increase the number of faithful Colporteurs and means for their support; and their Reports show that their hearts are in this blessed work, to press onward in it until every hoyel shall be visited with messages of salvation.

More than a year ago I visited a gentleman of standing, who said he had no use for any religious books, avowing his disbelief in religion, because of the inconsistency, wranglings and sectarian prejudice existing among professed Christians, who, though claiming to be made Christians by faith in the same Savior, were, he believed, more bitter in opposition than politicians, and seemed to be disagreed in everything. I replied, that while I could weep over what might be true of his remarks to an extent, yet I rejoiced that there were thousands who possessed no such spirit as he had described, but had the true spirit of Christ, and were heartily agreed in all the fundamental doctrines of the Bible, which glorious truth was strikingly illustrated by the Society which sent me to his house, for in it Christians from more than 20 denominations were united in giving religious works, "calculated to receive the approbation of all evangelical Christians," to every family. "What," said he "you don't say you have got religious books in which Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians are agreed?" After assuring him I had such, he said: "Well, I want to see what sort of books they are for Christians to be agreed in, and I will buy $3 worth of them to read." I at once selected them, commencing with "Nelson's Cause and Cure of Infidelity," then knelt in prayer alone with him and left. He now says that he began at once to read "Nelson," and before he got through it he saw there was something wrong. He re-read it, and before he had got half through it he felt there was a great wrong, which was in his own wicked heart. He then read the Bible, with "Baxter's Call," and began to pray for mercy, which he continued for months, when God, for Christ's sake, spoke peace to his soul. He is now a member of the Church, exerting a glorious influence, and says, but for the idea that Christians of so many denominations being united in printing and spreading these religious books, which excited his curiosity to read them, he might have gone on in skepticism down to hell.

Recently, another gentleman came to me, expressing his thanks for "Edward's Temperance Manual," which I gave him a few months ago, when he was given to habitual drunkenness, the reading of which caused him at once to give up liquor; and he has since been earnestly seeking salvation. His associates are amazed at his reformation.

We have given much attention to Sabbath Schools the last quarter. In one county we have 19 well attended generally. Six years ago there were but two in that same county outside of the town. Glorious revivals are now going on where some of these schools are. At one place I am told that every convert was a Sabbath School scholar. To some of these schools I have given whole libraries, being unable to buy books; and I think I have never seen such gratitude as when I have spread out some of these choice libraries in the log cabins where parents and children meet each Sabbath in school and worship. When seeing the good of such, I have thought if our wealthy or liberal persons could witness or know of it, they would gladly give us the $5 or $10 necessary to furnish these libraries to many poor neighborhoods.

Seeing the Lord is with us, we are encouraged to move forward in His strength to help, with other Christian agencies, in the work of enlightening and saving the souls of our people; and we trust that all Christians, and friends to Christianity and education, will continue to help us in this responsible work, by their prayers, sympathies and means. Yours truly,

WM. J. W. CROWDER,
Gen. Ag't, Am. Tract So. for N. C.
Raleigh, Sept. 1st, 1857.

From the National Intelligencer.

### Native Grapes of North Carolina.

The soil and climate of North Carolina are peculiarly adopted to the growth and profitable culture of many choice varieties of grape. When the first colonists, sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584, landed on Roanoke Island, off the coast of North Carolina, they were charmed with the great abundance of grapes which greeted their eyes. In the quaint but forcible language of Barlowe, one of the leaders of this early adventurous band, "we viewed the land about us, being, where we first landed, very sandy and low towards the water side, but so full of grapes as the very beating and surge of the sea overflowed them, of which we found such plenty, as well there as in all places else, both on the sand and on the green soil, on the hills as in the plains, as well as on every little shrub, as also climbing towards the tops of high cedars, that I think in all the world the like abundance is not to be found." This is not an overwrought picture, applying as it does, to the Scuppernong and other varieties in their native luxuriance.

The original *species* of the grape are *few* but the *varieties* are almost innumerable. A brief description of some of our more important native species and varieties will be here presented.

SCUPPERNONG GRAPES.—This is a variety of *Vitis Rotundifolia*. It is a white grape, very luscious and sweet. In the whole Albemarle region of North Carolina it is found in great abundance. It attains its greatest perfection on the sandy soils of the eastern portion of the State, although it has been successfully raised in more elevated localities. A vine on Roanoke Island, said to have been planted there by the first colonists, covers nearly a half an acre of ground, and bears abundantly to the extremity of its branches. According to a late eye witness, "it continues to grow, and only wants an extension of scaffolding. It should never be pruned; give it room and let it run." Seedlings from this grape, in most cases, show a propensity to run into the common *muscadine*, the usual specific type found in many States of the Union.

THE CATAWBA GRAPE.—This is a variety of *Vitis Labrusca*, so called from the province of Labrusque, in France. The name, however, is a misnomer. It should have been called *Vitis Americana*, as it is distinct from any species of the Old World.

This excellent variety originated on the headwaters of the Catawba river, in a mountainous portion of Western Carolina—the Switzerland of America.

It is a red grape, with fine, aromattic flavor, and, in the language of Mr. Longworth, of Ohio, whose success in wine making is well-known, is distined to prove a mine of wealth to many an enterprising citizen of the United States. A superior wine, the "Sparkling Catawba," is now made from it, and its cultivation is now extending into many localities of the South and West. Others varieties of choice grapes are occasionally found in the western part of the State, embracing the counties of Gaston, Lincoln, Catawba, Burke, Buncombe and others, all watered by the Catawba and its tributaries, only requireing skilful culture to bring them into notoriety.

THE ISABELLA GRAPE.—This is another variety of *Vitis Labrusca*. It was sent from Brunswick county, North Carolina, to Col. George Gibbs, of Brooklyn, about the year 1810, and planted in his garden. The elder Prince first saw it there, some years afterwards, in a flourishing condition, and gave to it the complimentary name of *Isabella*, after Mrs. Isabella Gibbs. Although not so highly esteemed as the preceding variety, yet it is still used as a table grape, and successfully raised in certain localities.

THE LINCOLN GRAPE.—This is also a variety of *Vitis Labrusca*. It originated a few years ago in Lincoln county, North Carolina, and is regarded as a fine table grape. Under proper culture it might, no doubt, be turned to good account.—There are still other varieties of this species of grape found in different parts of the United States, which our limits will prevent us from noticing.

It will be thus seen that the low sandy soils of the eastern and the high table lands of the western portion of North Carolina have furnished their respective choice varieties of grape, the Scuppernong (Indian *sweet water*) the representative of the one, and the Catawba of the other.—And what, it may be here asked, prevents North Carolina from becoming at no distant day, eminently a wine-producing State? Blest by nature with a congenial soil and climate, success would surely attend well directed efforts in cultivating the grape. Let some of her enterprising citizens engage judiciously in the business, and ere long we may expect to see the *tasteful* addition of *wine* included among the staple commodities of the Old North State.

C. L. H.

Lincoln County, N. C.

THE SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.—A recent letter from a merchant in San Francisco to a friend in New York, says that in consequence of the reform brought about by the Vigilance Committee, that city has been governed, during the past year, at an expense of about $250,000, against an average expense the previous years of over $1,500,000.—This aside from the repression of outrage, robbery, violence, murder, and crime of every description. From the same letter, it appears that the Vigilant organization is still alive and powerful; and that when it was recently rumored that the proscribed and exiled scoundrels were about to return to San Francisco some two thousand of the Vigilant force were under arms, awaiting the arrival of the steamer to give the miscreants a warm reception. But they did not come.

### Aid for Gen. Walker.

The Mobile *Register* states that $150,000 have been raised in Georgia to aid Gen. Walker in his contemplated descent upon Nicaragua. Large sums have also been subscribed in Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and other Southern States. It is not improbable that the "gray-eyed man of destiny" will wake up ere long in the beautiful land of his recent adventures and misfortunes, with an ample supply of men and money at his command to regenerate Central America, and, perhaps, snatch from Spain the brightest jewel in her crown.

For one, we have abiding faith in the "manifest destiny" of Anglo-Saxon-Nigger civilization. We believe that real white folks and African slave labor will ultimately occupy all the fertile country south of us. We shall not discuss the morality of fillibustering. We only know that fillibustering has always been the practice of all superior and enterprising races. We see no more harm in our fillibustering the natives of Nicaragua than in fillibustering the aborigines out of the land we at present inhabit. Fillibustering is the peculiarity of Roman, English and American civilization—and a very serviceable one, we suspect. *Richmond (Va.,) Whig.*

VILLAINS AT WORK.—We learn from the Standard that an attempt was made by some villain or villians to destroy a passenger train on the N. C. Road on Thursday night last. The latches were changed a short distance above Stalling's Depot, and logs laid across the track. The train was thrown off, but little damage done. Both trains, going east and west that night, met with the same kind of obstructions. What better can we expect, when two negroes, who were a short time since convicted of a like offence, were allowed to escape without punishment? As we then said, we say now, that the passengers would be justifiable in hanging any one caught in the act to the nearest tree. We feel interested in the matter, for we have to travel over the N. C. Road a great deal, and we are not prepared to be the victim of such diabolical fiends. *Western Dem.*

☞A Convention of Coach-makers is to be held at Raleigh during the State Fair. We have seen, in some paper, a suggestion that the Editors of the State meet in convention on that occasion. Is such a Convention to be held, or have the fraternity become disgusted with conventions? *Western Sentinel.*

FATAL RENCOUNTRE.—The Grayson (Va.) Independent states that a fatal affray occurred in that county, last week, between Frank Baker and Elias Draughon, both of Ashe county, N. C., in which the latter was stabbed and killed by the former; who succeeded in making his escape.

## MONUMENT TO GEN. GREENE.

GREENSBORO, GUILFORD CO., N. C.
SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1857.

In answer to a call made through the press, a large number of the citizens of Guilford assembled in the Court House, for the purpose of considering the propriety, and of instituting some plan by which a suitable Monument might be erected to the memory of General Nathanael Greene.

On motion of Jesse H. Lindsay Esqr., Lydon Swaim, Esqr., was called to the Chair. In a few brief remarks he explained the object of the meeting and very appropriately reverted to the custom of erecting monumental piles and of their elevating and patriotic influence upon succeeding generations.

On motion of D. F. Caldwell, C. C. Cole and Julius L. Gorrell Esqrs., were requested to act as Secretaries.

Wm. L. Scott, Esqr, being loudly called upon, responded in a most patriotic and eloquent discourse of some length. He answered every objection that men could urge against the erection of the proposed testimonial to one so worthy—to one who stood second only to Washington in promoting the success of the struggle for Independence; and urged many incontrovertable arguments in favor of the erection of said testimonial.

Hon. James T. Morehead responded to repeated calls, and after expressing his much gratification at the present movement, reviewed the history of Greene's command in the South—his character and great generalship. The circumstances taken into consideration, his retreat through Carolina was the greatest military feat ever performed. And in its final success, the hand of Providence was clearly discernable.

At the time of his appointment to the Southern army, Georgia and South Carolina were entirely in the hands of the enemy; and North-Carolina was making but a feeble and last struggle. Congress had despaired; and the last flickering rays of Liberty's hope was fading from the hearts of the true. But in a few short months the enemy's onward march was arrested; freedom's cause reinstated; and the surrender at Yorktown terminated the struggle.

Ex-Gov. Morehead was next called upon and responded in a short but animated address. His remarks were received with much cheering, as were the remarks by the speakers preceding. He had worn out his life in public service, but he thanked his God, if needs be, there was strength enough yet in his arm to wield the sledge in the quarry. And apropos, he beautifully alluded to the fact that Gen. Greene was a poor blacksmith's son, who wielded his sledge in his youth as faithfully as in after years he wielded the sword in the defense of the liberties of his country. After concluding his remarks, Gov. Morehead offered the following resolutions.

*Resolved*, That it is due General Nathanael Greene that a Monument be erected to his memory upon the plains of Guilford.

*Resolved*, That it becomes the National Legislature to erect that Monument.

*Resolved*, That it is the duty of the Legislature of North Carolina to erect said Monument, provided the National Legislature declines.

*Resolved*, That if the National and State Legislatures decline, the people of Guilford *will* erect this Monument.

After an animated address from D. F. Caldwell, and brief remarks from numerous gentlemen, the above resolutions were unanimously adopted.

For the purpose of carrying out the object expressed in the above resolutions, Jesse H. Lindsay, Esqr., offered the following:

*Resolved*, That we organize an association to be called "The Greene Monument Association," and to this end a committee of seven be appointed by the Chair for the purpose of drafting a Constitution to be submitted to the consideration of the meeting at an adjourned session.

*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed to confer with the aforesaid committee, and report permanent officers of the Association.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted and in accordance with the first, the chair announced the following committee—Jesse H. Lindsay, Robert P. Dick, W. A. Caldwell, Rev. N. F. Reid, M. S. Sherwood, E. W. Ogburn, Dr. D. P. Weir.

On motion by J. D. Campbell, the Chairman was added to the committee.

For the fulfilment of the requisition in the second resolution, the following committee was appointed—Andrew Weatherly, James M. Garrett, Robert M. Sloan, Sen.

On motion, the Secretaries were requested to record the names of all persons present wishing to join the Association, and to keep the list open until the next meeting.

Levi M. Scott Esq., offered the following resolution which was unanimously adopted—

*Resolved*, That the papers of this place be requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting, and that all the papers of the State and the Union be requested to copy.

On motion by Rev. J. J. Smythe, the meeting adjourned until the call of the chair. LYNDON SWAIM, Ch'rm.

C. C. COLE, } Sec.
J. L. GORRELL, }

### *Shocking Affair.*

AUGUSTA, Geo., Sept. 21—On Saturday last in Pike co., Alabama, a negro cook, instigated by a Hungarian named Comeska poisoned 37 persons, family of Thomas Frazell, killing Frazell, his overseer's wife and 2 children, Mrs. Claud and Frazell's grand daughter—Others are still living, but in a critical condition. The negro woman has been burnt, and the same fate awaits Comeska.

## COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Sep. 22.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market.

Bacon 16½@18; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 20@; Coffee 16½, Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 27@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 1.10@0.00 Meal 1.25@0.00; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 10; Feathers 40@45; Flour 6.00@7.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 40@50; Lard 16½@18; Molasses 75@; Nails 6@7; Oats 50; Peas, yellow 1.30@, white 1.80@0.00; Pork 7.50@8.00; Rags 0@3; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 15@16, loaf 18½, crushed 18½, clarified 16½; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 1.00@1.10, Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, Sep. 22.
Reported expressly for the Times.

Bacon, hg round 17 @, western sides 17@18, western shoulders 11@11, hams 15@14; Brandy peach 70@75, apple 50@60; Butter 28@30; Beeswax 23@24; Cheese 12@13; Candles, adamantine 28@30, sperm 50@60; Corn 75@0.00; Cotton 12@13¾; Coffee, rio 11¾@12, lagura 12@13; Feathers 45@50; Flour, superfine 7.50@0.00 extra 7.75, fine 6.50, family 8.00, scratched 6.50@6.75; Guano, 1 ton $62, 5 tons $60; Hay (N. C.) 1.00@0.0; Lime 125@135; Molasses, Cuba 36@38; Mackerel, 2 no. 10.00@0.00, 3no. 6.50@6.75; Nails 5@; Oats 45@0.00; Rosin, no. 1, 5.75@0.00, no. 2, 1.25@1.30, common 1.15@1.00; Rice 4@5; Shad 00@00; Salt, alum 88@00, sack 1.00@1.00; Sugar, clarified 11@12, P. R. 9@10; Spirits Turpentine 34@36; Turpentine, virgin and yellow dip, 3.75@0.00, hard 1.55@0.00; Tar 1.62@0.00; Wheat, red 1.00@0.00, white 1.10@0.00

NORFOLK MARKET, Sept. 21.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hams 16@20, hoground 16@17, western sides 18@17; shoulders 15; Beans 1.50@1.75; Buckwheat, bag 1.65@; Butter, goshen 20@25, glade 23@26; Beeswax 20@25; Cotton 12@13; Corn, white 74@76, mixed 95@.98 yellow 95@98; Coffee, rio 12@13½, laguira 14@14½; Candles, adamantine 26@28; Dried Apples, ℔ bus. 28 lb. 1.75@2.00, Peaches, peeled ℔ bus. 40 lb. 5.00@0.00; Eggs 20@25; Flour, fine 7.00@7.20, superfine 6.50@6.75, extra 7.00@7.25, family 7.50@7.75; Flaxseed 1.62@1.70; Guano, ℔ ton 60.00@60.00; Hay 1.00@1.25; Lard, no. 1 & 2, 17@18; Lime 1.20@1.30; Molasses 55@65; Oats 40@43; Salt, fine ℔ sack, 1.60@1.70, ground alum 1.60@1.70, blown 1.60@1.70; Sugar, refined 12½@13, crushed 14½@00, W. India 12@120; Shingles, heart 12 in bunch, 6.00@7.25, sap do do 4.00@5.00; Staves, R. O. hhd. 37.00@37.50, H. O. hhd. 45.00@00.00, do heading 48.00@45.00; Soap, brown 4½@5, yellow 4½@6½; Wheat, red 1.10@0.00, white 1.15@1.25; Whisky 26@28; Fish, no 3, Mackerel, 8.00@0.00, Northern Herrings 6.00@0.00, Mullets and Blue Fish, 9.50@8.00, dry Cod and Hake, 3.75@4.50.

REMARKS.—Flour continues to arrive freely, with a moderate demand, it sells at quotations for consumption, not having yet been reduced to the views of shippers. Wheat receipts are light with limited demand. Corn arrives sparingly and sells as it arrives, demand light.

Flaxseed and Beeswax are wanted.

Apples Dried are wanted & sell at quotations.

Bacon is scarce & in demand, with small stock.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19th, P. M.—Cotton closed steady at previous rates. Sales of 200 bales.

Flour was quiet at yesterday's rates. Sales of 6,500 bbls. State 5.45@5.65; Ohio 5.85@6.15; Southern 5.75@6.10.

Wheat is heavy—sales of 15,000 bushels. White 1.35@1.50; red 1.30@1.33.

Corn is quiet, and sales unimportant; mixed nominally 80@81 cents.

Provisions have a declining tendency. Mess Pork 23.25@23.50; Chicago repacked beef 16@17. Lard is lower. In bbls 14@14 12 cents. Coffee is quiet—Rio 10 3-4@11 cents. Sugar is heavy. Naval stores are unchanged and nominal. Freights are inactive.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 18.—The sales of Cotton for the day were 1500 bales, at from 10¾@10½ ℔ lb for middling. The sales for the week foot up 6,800 and the receipts 10,000 bales. The stock in port is 20,000 bales. Flour is worth 5.25 ℔ barrel. Red Wheat is quoted at 1.10 ℔ bushel. White Corn is worth 75c ℔ bushel. Fine Mess Pork commands 28 ℔ barrel. Lard is worth 17½c ℔ lb. Sterling is quoted at 8 per cent. premium.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21—Flour buoyant and advanced 5 a 10cts. State 5.50; Ohio 5.85 a 6.20; Southern unchanged. Wheat unsettled and unquotable. Corn firm—Southern yellow 82 a 84c; white 85 a 86 cts; mixed 80 cts.—Stocks dull and lower.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 21—Flour firm—all brands 5.50, cash and time. Wheat tending upward—red 120 a 140 cts; white 125 a 145 cts.—Corn better—white 72 a 78 cts; yellow 74a75 cts.


## Business Cards.

N. C. FREEMAN,
WITH
ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STAPLE AND FANCY
SILK GOODS,
*No. 158 Market Street, Philadelphia.*
1856. 2-1y

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
WITH
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS,
*No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,*
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53ly

K. M. MURCHISON. A. J. HOWELL.
MURCHISON & HOWELL,
(Formerly of North Carolina)
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
104 *Wall Street.*
NEW YORK.
☞ Personal attention given to all business entrusted to their care. (57—1y.)

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,
COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANTS,
Wilmington, N. C. 1:1y.

J. N. WOOD,
AUCTION, COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANT,
Goldsborough, N. C.
WILL attend to the sale of Flour and other Produce. 1407

STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER

LAMAR HOUSE,
(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE.)
KNOXVILLE, TENN.
S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*
MR. STERLIN LANIER, late of the Lanier House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54:1y

5,000 BUSHELS WHEAT wanted by J. & F. GARRETT.—Bring on your samples. Aug. 1857.

HESPERIAN HARP, THE LARGEST and one of the best NOTE BOOKS in use, by Rev. Wm. Hauser, M.D., for sale at the Book Store by E. W. OGBURN & CO.

# THE TIMES

*Is published every Thursday in Greensboro, N. C.*

**EDITORS.**

E. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

**Corresponding Editors.**

Hon. G. Staples, Portsmouth, Va.
William R. Hesser, South Carolina.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

**THURSDAY, SEP. 24, 1857.**


**Positive Arrangement.**

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☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

*Address*, OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro' N. C.

## GREENE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

We have been advocating in our columns for sometime the importance of instituting such an association as heads this article, and we are happy to say the project is at last consummated, and in a manner most auspicious. A very large assemblage of the citizens was had on Friday night last in the Court House, whose proceedings will be found in this paper and to which we call the reader's special attention. It is the opening of a new ball, destined to much influence in its onward roll; "and the end is not yet."

It may be years before this Monument to the memory of General Nathanael Greene shall pierce the clouds with its pure white shaft, yet it is fixed—the decree has gone forth—it shall rise. What is the pittance of expense compared with the merits of the enterprise! The elevating and refining influences upon the mind and heart of the beholder, the spirit of research in the curious, the aspiration instilled into the minds of the young to be good and great, the lessons of benevolence taught, the visible gratitude of posterity for noble deeds of ancestors, the indestructable cement that is to bind the ruptures of a discordant Republic, by ever keeping fresh in the mind the commingling of the fraternal blood that ran so free, so capiously for the *one*, the *whole* Union.

The addresses delivered extempore before this meeting by William L. Scott, Esqr., Hon. James T. Morehead, Ex-Governor Morehead and D. F. Caldwell, Esqr., were most eloquent and soul-stirring, and elicited repeated and loud applause. The meeting was much more enthusiastic than even the most interested friends anticipated. Nearly every man present registered his name as a member of the Association, and we doubt not by the meeting of the adjourned session to receive and adopt a Constitution, the Secretaries will have a very long list. Let every man in the County report himself to either of the Secretaries and have his name recorded at once. All such, and only such, will have a voice in adopting the Constitution, of which the time and place will be duly announced.

## Public Temperance Meeting.

In a previous issue we announced that the citizens of Greensboro had decided on holding monthly Temperance meetings and having public addresses. The first of the series was held on Monday night in the Methodist Church, and an address delivered by the Rev. N. F. Ried.

Though short, yet we are incapable of giving an outline of his remarks. Its influence was almost magical upon the minds of the audience, as they listened to the searching home truths of the orator. We cannot believe that any one left the church without feeling a deeper resolve, a more determined determination in the cause of truth, justice and humanity.

The speaker said it was not his object on this occasion to recount the direful effects of intemperance on the body, the brain, the mind, the heart. Visible illustrations were so common, their moving influence was deadened, powerless. The streams of pollution that flowed from every shop and store that dealt the poisoned liquid, though as black as the blackness of darkness, yet soon lost its origin—its bad name by the influence of the rich, the fashionable and the great.

But the object of the speaker was nearer home—to remarks more practical and personal. The time was when Greensboro held the most enviable reputation of any town in the old North State for temperance and morality. When an intoxicated man upon her streets was a curiosity. But things are changing. We are loosing ground. The reeling drunkard is not only a regular street sight, but our young men are being ruined; the demon has entered our hearth-stone circles and sprinkled the family altars with blood from the crushed hearts of mothers and sisters. But a year since and not a retailing shop in the county. Now at least three in the town.

But every effect has its cause. Where fathers gather around the bottle; place the tempting cup to the lips of the sons, sweetened to the palate's content, what wonder that son should love his cup! What wonder that son should love it too well!

We endeavor to some extent to follow in the speaker's train of thought, but by no means to quote his language.

One other subject was forcibly dwelt upon. The injurious effects of the liquor shops upon the slave population. It is true we have no positive evidence sufficient to convict any one for selling liquor to slaves, yet perhaps, not a man in town has a shadow of a doubt on the subject. The poultry yard, the crib, the dairy, the money draw, all, had they tongues, could tell each a tale. And not only is this traffic carried on in the darkness of midnight, but even in the brightness of day. Servants have been caught with the bottle in their pockets coming from certain directions. What shall be done? The speaker made no suggestion. He pointed out the evil and should leave the remedy to the suggestions of those who should follow in these monthly meetings. The address was closed in a most feeling appeal to the citizens to come to the rescue; and in case the men and fathers and officials refused to work, the prayers of the mothers and sisters were invoked that God would send a remedy; that if the tantaliizing of "Ghost and Goblin damned," could not move the concience of the liquor dealer, that even red hot thunderbolts might be sent from heaven to raise the establishments even with the ground.

Different from most temperance lectures, there was nothing of the trivial or joking order. The speaker was dealing in truths momentous and it was not an occasion for tickling anecdote. The general verdict of the audience is, that the address was one of the best ever delivered in our town, in which we agree.

## PREPRE AND TAKE COURAGE.

A more truthful axiom was never written than this penned by Samuel Woodworth—

"Does spring autumn's bounty beget?
So the Man is begun in the Boy."

An appropriate illustration of this is found in a recent review of Blackwood on the Life of Sir Charles J. Napier. The writer says—

Opportunity rarely fails him who seeks it. The soul conscious of a destiny seldom waits in vain for a fulfilment. The "village Hampdens" and the "mute inglorious Miltons" are, we believe, the few among the children of men. To whom Providence has assigned a part, Providence also mostly assigns a time and place—We are no fatalist, but we believe that the God who implants power, implants beside it a faith in its purpose. There be those whose hearts fail, whose arms hang down, and whose knees droop, and these pass away with unacted lives; but the man who in expectancy and preparation wait for their opportunity, as the Israelites did for their Exodus, with loins girded and feet shod, seldom fail in reaching the goal and winning the prize. Charles Napier was one of these. He was the strong man armed.—the good knight with his sword loose in the sheath, his harness bright and his heart full strung; ever ready and able. Men have been always eager to unravel futurity: they may read it in their own hearts; out of the aspirations and hopes there spun is often woven the web of a destiny. In boyhood, youth, manhood, and old age, Charles Napier ever in his own aspirations saw a future, ever had within him an augury of command and success. The vision of fame was always present to him; disappointment could not dispel, age could not shadow it; it went before him, ever, as the star in the East, leading on to achievement.

Grand Celebration.—The Anniversary of the capture of Mexico, was celebrated in the city of New York on Monday, 14th September, in grand style. It is one of the most memorable epochs in our history. It was the first occasion upon which a victorious American Army ever entered the Capital of a great and civilized hostile nation. It will be remembered as long as history is read.

There are three other events, of momentous importance, to which it is probable but few who participated in the celebration of Monday 14 reverted at the time. In the year of Christ, 70, on the 14th day of September, Titus, with his victorious legions, took possession of what had once been Jerusalem, after having destroyed the temple, and slaughtered 100,000 of its inhabitants. On the 14th day of September in the year 1812, the Emperor Napoleon entered the city of Moscow, having fought exactly one week before, the tremendous battle of Bowdino, in which ninety-seven thousand men were slain or slaughtered. On the 14th day of September 1854, the allied French and English forces entered the Crimea.

It would be difficult to name any other day which has witnessed four events of such transcendent interest.

A secret has been admirably defined as "anything made known to everybody in a whisper."

## THE WAR IN INDIA.

Reports have been so meagre, it was difficult to give any intelligence of British movements in India in a manner comprehensible to the reader.

But the quiet so lately given British arms by the peace with Russia, is again broken, and one of the largest and most populous provinces under British rule is in open rebellion. India comprises more than nine times the area, and five times the population of Great Britain and Ireland, and to suppress the mutiny so universal in army and rural population, will tax the best efforts of all the home supplies.

Some of the massacres of English troops and residents by the natives of India, with their perfidty, render the details horrifying. The massacre at Cawnpore was especially cruel in the extreme. It seems that the surrender of the fort by the beseiged Europeans did not take place until their brave old general, Sir Hugh Wheeler, had died of wounds. The survivors, pressed by starvation, shortness of ammunition, and with 240 women and children under their care, offered to capitulate on condition of their being allowed to embark in safety down the river. To this Nenah Sahib, at the head of the mutineers, solumnly pledged himself.—Immediately on their taking to the water, however, he caused a fire to be opened upon them, and in a most cruel and barberous manner destroyed the whole, men women and children, with only one escape. According to some reports, the women were subjected to a much worse fate than instant death, having been dragged on shore to be sold by auction for outrage and mutilation among the common soldiery. A few, however, are said to have found refuge by plunging into the Ganges.

The stronghold of the mutineers is in Delhi, a well fortified city of about 300,000 inhabitants. It will require no small army to capture this post as the insurgents hold out with great tenacity, and the fury of their inhuman atrocities seem to know no abatement. The most cruel punishments, the most excruciating tortures are inflicted upon those English people who are captured without regard to age, sex or condition. The Sepoys seem to fight under an infatuation and to allow no quarter. But revolting as is the task now before the British army, there can be no doubt but that they will ultimately subdue the rebels. The lion in the British nature is now aroused, and the measures for a second subjugation of these provinces, will be pushed on with vigor, energy and firmness, and the country will be again conquered, though the last armed foe have to expire.

The mercantile view of affairs in India will appear by an extract from the letter of a mercantile firm in Calcutta, to its agent in London, and will be read with interest, as expressing the feelings and opinions of a most influential section of the Indian public:

"*Calcutta, July* 18.—The country continues in a most fearful state, and mail follows mail with fresh horrors, and widespread details of revolt, not only of the Bengal native army, but of towns and villages excited to rebellion by their example, and by the amount of culprits let loose from the jails; to these add the disaffected amongst the many disappointed, but once intriguing and wealthy nobles and men in power of the many deposed and confiscated native municipalities and States, and you will see that the elements of evil are mighty and numerous as against the handful of Europeans in India scattered over our wide spread dominion. No salutary check to rebellion has as yet rewarded the efforts of our brave countrymen, and the dread of their extermination in detail, overwhelmed by numbers, is a calamity that forces itself upon the mind of all.

"Cawnpore has fallen with a frightful massacre, and Lucknow is in fearful peril. Retribution, although certain, is, alas, distant, and cannot be hoped for the next four months. To the Government there is no revenue from upper India, and to the merchants no trade: The large native banking houses have ceased to operate, converting their wealth where they can into gold and silver, and secreting it. No trader is bold enough to send goods to the interior, and few can have the means of transmitting produce to the capital. Agriculture is neglected, and with the prolonged rebellion the crops must suffer. Commercially viewed, therefore, we have here an accumulating stock of unsaleable British manufactures, for which no returns can be made. We have produce arriving scantily, which at this season should be coming in abundantly, and although much has yet to arrive, despatched before the rebellion had so widely spread, yet as the year draws to a close the scarcity will be apparent, and we may not have in Calcutta produce sufficient to load our ships—a feature in the trade of India hitherto unknown. The mighty calamity amongst our millions however, most to be feard, is famine, and its dread indications are already being shadowed forth."

## MARINE DISASTERS.

The storm, noticed at length last week, as having swept over Wilmington with considerable damage, seems to have been far more disastrous than the most anxious fears anticipated. The foundering of the Central America, some 250 miles off Cape Hatteras, is the most calamitous destruction in life and property that has ever befallen our much dreaded coast. Besides this there are numerous steamers and other vessels driven to pieces and cargo lost, but fortunately, we believe no further loss of life. We have found it difficult to collect a catalogue of the lost vessels. By one we notice our own merchants have lost goods un insured:

Worthy of Record:—The True nobility of the American heart is forcibly illustrated in the following painful incident. In the steamer "Central America," lately sunk at sea, nearly five hundred lives were lost. But every woman and child was saved, the life boats being appropriated entirely to them, only enough men in each to row. Twenty of the ladies were married and sixteen of these were made widows by this awful calamity.

☞ We regret to see among the list of passengers by the ill-fated Central America, the name of John T. Dobbin, Esq., late purser in the Navy, and brother of the late Hon. J. C. Dobbin was on his way home to this State. His name is not among those reported as having been saved, and there is too much reason to fear that he has gone down with the rest. Indeed we fear that there is no ground for hope in his case.—*Wil. Journal.*

*Relief for the Sufferers.*—Norfolk, Sept. 19.—A meeting of the citizens was held to-day, at which $800 was raised for the relief of the passengers rescued from the Central America.

☞ The number of those reported as being saved from the Central America increases from day to day, and has now got up to 175, with hopes of still more being heard from.

Criminal Conduct of the Chief Engineer on the C. A:—It is to be hoped that some palliating circumstances may be elicited when time shall have elapsed sufficient to clear up this matter in regard to the Chief Engineer's desertion of the ship, and to his singular conduct previous that to desertion. It is said he acted the part of a coward in deserting his duty, when there was no earthly necessity for such conduct, and at a time when a little nerve would have saved the ship and brought all in without harm.

The vessel was in a strong sea-way at this time and laboring very heavily in the trough of the sea, and it is believed if the Chief Engineer had have kept up the steam the steamer could have worked out of her difficulties, but in this critical moment he neglected to do his duty, and the steamer was rendered entirely unmanageable.

Great-prise is due Capt Johnson and his crew for their noble and humane conduct in the rescue of the survivors of the ill-fated Central America. They all accord in rendering their heartfelt thanks for their effort to render them every assistance in their power before and after their rescue.

One incident connected with this heart-rending catastrophe, is said to be: that the Captain of the Norwegian Bark, sometime previous to finding the survivors of the steamer was on his deck, and a bird flew in his face three times when he made an alteration of three points in his course, by which means he was made the happy instrument of saving the lives of the 49 survivors.

## SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY.

It will be seen that at the recent Southern Convention of Bishops and Members of the Episcopal Church, it was resolved to build a Southern University. Among the Bishops present, we notice the names of Polk, Otey, Green and Davis—all worthy sons of the old North State.

It does seem as if there is much truth in the remark once made by a celebrated character, "North Carolina is a great State to move from," for both in Church and State her sons stand pre-eminent.—We rejoice to see so many of them laboring in the cause of education, and bid them God speed in their contemplated enterprise.

## Mr. Clingman and the Black Mountain.

In the Asheville News we find a letter from Hon. Thos. L. Clingman on the subject of the highest peak of the Black mountain. This letter was called out by communications which have recently appeared in the Fayetteville Observer, Raleigh Register, and National Intelligencer, claiming that the late Prof. Mitchell was the discoverer of the highest peak of said mountain. Mr Clingman says:

"There is a perceptible effort in a certain quarter to produce on the public mind an impression which I regard as erroneous, and which I feel confident, with the evidence in my possession, I can dispel.

"Sincerely lamenting in common with the whole State the sudden and melancholy death of the late Prof. Mitchell, I would gladly have been relieved from the necessity of recurring to this subject. Being willing to let the former controversy rest where it did at the close of his life, I think his friends might well have done so likewise, inasmuch as I had left his last publication unanswered. As, however, some of them persist in attacking me from time to time, directly or indirectly, the responsibility of a continuance of such a controversy must rest on them. As the ground now taken by them is different, and in fact directly opposite, to the position occupied by Prof. Mitchell in our controversy, it will only be necessary for me to use his own statements to overthrow the argument at present advanced."

Mr. Clingman then goes on to argue at length to prove that he himself discovered and measured the highest peak in 1855—that Prof. Mitchell never made the discovery claimed by him and his friends—that he did not make it in 1855 as contended by some of his friends, and cites his (Prof. M's) own acknowledgments as proof.

We should be pleased to lay the whole letter before our readers, but its length (nearly six columns) renders it impossible.

☞ The Chief Engineer of the ill-fated Central America is out in a long defense of his conduct.

## PRIVATE CORNER.

O. C. W.—The friend you introduce is a sprightly and spicy writer. His sentences run smooth and ideas are natural, making his composition very interesting and inviting. We are much obliged to you, and hope our new made friend will write often.

Ina Clayton.—Another beautiful life sketch, "My Brother Robert," is received. We are glad you have decided to write more than formerly, and promise you room in the *Times* for all the pen marks you can make. In our humble opinion your short life sketches are superior to anything of the kind ever issued from any press. We speak no meaningless flattery. There is a soul in every sketch, and the reader cannot but imbibe its spirit. Therefore we assure you it does us good, and it will do our patrons good, to hear you say "I am writing more than I was." The name of your friend has been entered upon the list.

Florence Fay.—Your request just in time to be fulfilled. Why are your letters not more elaborate. We love to read them.

Amycus.—Your Lines have some merit, and with a little care would be excellent. We will publish at an early day, and would be pleased to hear from you again.

J. S. C.—True it has been some time since you wrote before, but we take your apology as good. Your Lines on "Old Maids" have some wit and will make a very pleasant variety. We think you pay that much injured class a merited tribute.

R. M. K.—Is that right? It is no less a gratification to us than you. But how we ever got "Pink" credited to one of *your* articles we cannot see, as your first letter in our memory, dates later than the appearing of said "Pink" article. But you say all is right? It sufficeth.

The Last Daughter is the title of another volume of stories from the unpublished manuscripts of Mrs Caroline Lee Hentz, published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia uniform with the previous works by the same author. Price in one volume bound in cloth, $1.25; in two volumes, paper cover, $1.00. Either edition sent free of postage by remitting price to the publisher. The work will be issued the 26 of this month.

T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia, will publish on the 3rd October, "*Mrs. Hale's receipts for the Million.*" Mrs Hale is a very accomplished and talented lady, and no doubt this will be an invaluable work for reference and information on every subject. It contains 800 pages and gives more than 4,500 receipts, facts and directions on every conceivable subject. Price bound in cloth $1.25, and sent free of postage by T. B. Peterson, the publisher, 306 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

Duelling.—Our State is becoming famous for its fiery editors. Challenges have become matters of every day occurrence.—*N. C. Argus.*

Without having reference to any one particular individual, it is our emphatic opinion that every man who passes or accepts a challenge to fight a duel, should be presented by the Grand Jury and tried for his life as a murder in the first degree.

Deep River Improvement Certain:—The contract by the Northern company only lacked the authorised $25.000 subscription from Wilmington to close the bargain. The vote on Monday went "Subscription" 9 to 1. The thing is settled.

A new counterfeit ten dollar bill on the Bank of Hamburg, S. C., has made its appearance. The Cashier of the Bank of Charleston says it almost defies detection. Look out for it.

Arizona.—From a private letter to Lieut. Mowry, a sad state of thing is represented in the Gadsden Purchase. Since the unfortunate expedition of Col. Crabbe into Sonora the most inveterate hostility between the settlers of this district and the Mexicans, has been engendered. Like the Jews and Samaritans of yore—they have no dealings together. The Americans in the Territory are divided—some in favor of fillibustering, and others opposed to it; some in favor of murdering and robbing Mexicans wherever found, and others opposed to it. It results that they are in a state of anarchy. There is no Goverament, no protection to life, property, or business, no law, and no self respect or morality among the people. They are living in a perfect state of nature, without the restraining influence of civil or military law or the amelioration of society.

☞ The Hon. Richard K. Meade, Minister to the Court of Brazil, left Petersburg, Va., on the 14th instant, on his way to Rio Janeiro. He will probably embark at New York.

*Large Fire.*—Charleston, Sept 21.—An extensive fire occurred here to-day.—Johnson's Hotel and 24 other buildings on both sides of the steet were destroyed. Loss 850,000—half insured, principally in Northern offices.

The Illustrated Gymnasium.—This is the title of a new book by R. T. Trall, M. D., just published by Fowler and Wells, New York. The work comprehends considerably more than the title expresses; for it contains not only an exposition of Gymnastics proper, but also the applications of Gymnastic, Calisthentic, and Vocal Exercises to the development of the whole body, the proper training of weak and defective organs, and to the cure of disease. Special Medical Gymnastics for particular ailments and infirmities have a prominent and important place. Ling's system of Kinesipathy, as developed by its author and practiced by Roth, Georgii, and others, is extensively treated of. Brief instructions are given in various "manly exercises," as Swimming, Sailing, Rowing, Riding, etc.; and not the least valuable part of it is the analysis of the rudimental sounds of the English language, with the instruction predicated thereon, to enable the student to obtain full command of the respiratory apparatus, and acquire fluency and power of Voice and Speech.

All departments of the work are profusely illustrated with engravings. It is completed in two numbers of over 100 pages each. Price for the work complete, 12½. Address Fowler and Wells, 308 Broadway, New York.

New Churches.—Five new Methodist churches, says the Clinton *Independent*, have been dedicated in Sampson county within about six months; three of them within the last few weeks.


*Letter from a well know Physician.*—Haverhill, Mass., June 1, 1856. S. W. Fowle & Co., *Gentlemen:* While suffering from Dyspepsia some years since, and trying almost every thing for its removal without any benefit, I was accidentally led to make use of the "*Oxygenated Bitters,*" and after a short trial of them, found my health improving, and in time *my disease radically removed.* Since then I have used them in my practice, and generally with good success. I know of no medicine so well adapted to the cure of Dyspepsia, in many of its aggravated forms. I have seen the most stub-born cases, which had resisted almost all the preparations commonly used for Indigestion, yield as by magic upon the administration of a few doses of these Bitters. Such results have increased my confidence in their medicinal powers, and strengthened my convictions of their superiority over all other instrumentalities, in the treatment of the complaints for which they are recommended.

I would certainly advise those troubled with Dyspepsia, to use the Bitters, and I am confident all who do so, will reap great benefit if there is nothing to contra-indicate their use.

A. R. PORTER, M. D.


## MARRIED,

In Ashboro, on the 3rd inst., at the residence of Mrs. Hamlin, by Rev. Mr. Colton, F. I. GOLDING, Esq., of Germanton, to Miss CORNELIA HAMLIN, of the former place.

## DIED,

In Stokes county, on the 12th inst., JOEL HILL, sen., aged about 80 years.


**Notice!** VALUABLE Land Sale in Caswell Co., N. C.

ON TUESDAY, 3rd NOVEMBER, 1857, we shall offer for sale the land of *Thomas Garrett*, dec'd, one of the most valuable Tracts in the country, containing some **690 Acres** more or less. This land is situated on the public road leading from High Rock to Yanceyville, 1 mile from Camp Spring Meeting House, 6 miles from Neel's Store, and 13 miles from Yanceyville. It is one of the most desirable locations in Caswell county, well watered and about half *HEAVILY TIMBERED* with the best Oak and Poplar, and within half a mile of a good Saw Mill. There is also one of the best *ORCHARDS* on the premises in the county. The said Land adjoins the lands of the late Thomas Williamson, dec'd, and the land formerly owned by Thomas Reid, Esq., on the Country Line, and Moses Simpson and John Henry Simpson. It is not often that such valuable TOBACCO LAND as this can be bought in the county. Planters look out for yourselves. Mr. John Henry Simpson will show the land to parties wishing to see it. On the same day *all of the property* that the said Thomas Garrett died in possession of, will be sold. A lot of NEGROES, Horses, Cows, Sheep, Hogs, Corn, Wheat, and many other articles too tedious to mention. Terms liberal and made known on day of sale.

(90:5w) J. & F. GARRETT.

***Weekly Raleigh Standard; Milton Chronicle; and Danville Republican copy 1 month and send account to this office.

**LAND and NEGRO SALE** in Caswell county, N. C.

ON FRIDAY, 6th NOVEMBER, 1857, I shall sell a valuable Tract of land in Caswell co., at the late residence of *Robert Swift*, dec'd, containing **500 Acres** more or less. This land is desirable in every respect, and well watered and timbered. The improvements on the land are very good. The Dwelling House is new and not quite finished. Outhouses good. This land lies about two and a half miles south of Camp Springs and adjoins the lands of Moses Simpson, John Simpson and the Widow Joseph Simpson, on the waters of Stony Creek. It is fine TOBACCO LAND. Planters! now is the time for you to look to your interest. The land is in half a mile of a first rate Merchant Mill.

On the same day I shall sell ten or twelve valuable NEGROES, and all the Horses, Cows, Sheep, Hogs, and all the other property belonging to the estate of the said Robert Swift.

Terms liberal and made known on day of sale.

(90:5w) JAMES M. GARRETT.

***Weekly Ral. Standard; Milton Chronicle; and Danville Republican copy 1 month and send account to this office.

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER, Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Cheese, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers. Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.

*References.*—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Heflin, of Raleigg; J. & F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8:1y.

**ROWLAND & BROTHERS,** COMMISSION MERCHANTS, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,

ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—Hon. T. Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt, W. R. Albright, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, A. H. Lindley, Chatham; P. C. Cameron, John P. Lyon, W. J. Bingham, Orange; John Long, Randolph; E. G. Reade, G. & H. Williams, Person. 6:1y

R. JUNIUS MENDENHALL, **Land Agent,** With select and safer Government Lands will exchange cash or warrants—make investments, loan money—and transact a general real estate Business throughout the North West.

Address, R. J. MENDENHALL, (65:1y) Minneapolis, Minnesota.

COLLINS & Co. GENUINE Hartford Axes, for sale at cash prices by June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

WHEAT.—THE SUBSCRIBER will pay CASH the good WHEAT delivered at the depot at this place. Call and see your samples. E. W. OGBURN, Agent for Simmons & Clark, Greensboro, N. C. Sept., 1857.

THE MECHANICS, INVENTORS AND MANUFACTURERS.

In announcing the THIRTEENTH Annual Volume of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the Publishers respectfully inform the public that in order to increase and stimulate the formation of clubs, they propose to offer *one thousand five hundred dollars in Cash premiums* for the fifteen largest lists of subscribers sent in by the 1st of January, 1858; said premiums to be distributed as follows:—

For the largest list, $100; 2d, 250; 3d, 200; 4th, 150; 5th, 100; 6th, 90; 7th, 80; 8th, 70; 9th, 60; 10th, 50; 11th, 40; 12th, 35; 13th, 30; 14th, 25; 15th, $20.

Names of subscribers can be sent in at different times and from different Post Offices. The cash will be paid to the orders of the successful competitors, immediately after the 1st of January, 1858.

Southern, Western and Canada money will be taken for subscriptions. Canadian subscribers will please to remit Twenty-six cents *extra* on each year's subscription to pre-pay postage.

*TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.*—Two Dollars a year, or One Dollar for six months.

*Club Rates.*—Five copies, for six months, $4; five copies, for twelve months, $8; ten copies, for six months, $8; ten copies for twelve months, $15; twenty copies for twelve months, $28.

For all Clubs of Twenty and over, the yearly subscription is only $1.40.

The new volume will be printed upon fine paper with new type.

The general character of the Scientific American is well known, and, as heretofore, it will be chiefly devoted to the promulgation of information relating to the various *Mechanical and Chemical Arts, Manufactures, Agriculture, Patents, Inventions, Engineering, Mill Work*, and all interests which the light of *Practical Science* is calculated to advance. It is issued weekly, in form for binding; it contains annually from 500 to 600 finely executed Engravings, and Notices of American and European Improvements, together with an Official List of American Patent Claims published weekly in advance of all other papers.

It is the aim of the Editors of the Scientific American to present all subjects discussed in its columns in a practical and popular form. They will also endeavor to maintain a candid fearlessness in combating and exposing false theories and practices in Scientific and Mechanical matters, and thus preserve the character of the Scientific American as a reliable Encyclopedia of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent gratis to any part of the country.

MUNN & CO., Publishers and Patent Agents, (90) No. 128 Fulton street, N. Y.


**Office N. C. Rail Road Co.,** Salisbury, Sept. 8, 1857.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the following Stock subscribed for in this Company will be sold for CASH on the 1st day of October next, at the Court House in the town of Salisbury, unless the amount due on said subscriptions shall be paid before the time of sale.

| | No. of Shares. |
|---|---|
| E. D. Austin now in the name of O. Gillespie, | 15 |
| Samuel N. Blake, | 10 |
| Dabney Cosbey, | 73 |
| Michael Davis, | 8 |
| C. Dul'ree, | 1 |
| M. M. Gladson, | 1 |
| James Griswald transferred to John Kennaday, | 45 |
| Seaton Gales, | 2 |
| C. M. D. Hutchings, | 2 |
| L. E. Heartt, | 1 |
| John M. Long, | 1 |
| Richard Ligon, | 1 |
| Wm. McCauley, | 1 |
| C. Myers, | 1 |
| Patrick McGowan, | 1 |
| J. A. Parker, | 1 |
| J. B. Russell, | 1 |
| J. W. Scott, | 1 |
| W. S. Simpson, | 2 |
| S. H. Turrentine, | 1 |
| J. C. Turrentine, | 25 |
| S. & D. Teller, | 3 |
| J. A. Worth, | 1 |
| W. Ward, | 1 |
| Hart & Polly, | 5 |

CYRUS P. MENDENHALL, (88:3w) *Treasurer.*


NEW BOOKS—JUST RECEIVED.—The Star and Cloud, or a Daughter's Love, by A. S. Poe; The Artist's Bride, or the Pawn Broker's Heir, Bennet; The American Citizen, Hopkins; The Violet, or the Cross and the Crown, McIntosh; Life of Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy, Stewart; Poems of Ossian; Old Horne, the Pawn-Broker, or the Orphan's Legacy; My last Cruise, or Where we went and What we saw, Habersham; The Rangers and the Regulators of the Tanaha; Vicar of Wakefield, Goldsmith; Hood's Poems; Longfellow's Poems; Counsel to the Awakened, or Path of Safety; Poems National and Patriotic by Cutter; Torrey's Interest Tables; The Prince of the House of David, Patton; Humorous Poetry of the English Language; Elias Cook's Poems; Bancroft's History of the United States, six volumes; Cyclopædia of American Literature, Duyckinck; &c., &c.

At the Book Store by
April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

**Cabinet Furniture** AND COTTAGE BEDSTEADS, MANUFACTURED BY **JOS. SEARS.**

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore.

Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have a regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making.

JAMES M. HUGHES.
March 12, 1857.

**DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!** JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

**Also,**

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Prescription carefully put up at all hours by

W. C. PORTER.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE. A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to
July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

**A New Book.** The Old North State in 1776; Second Series, by D. W. Carruthers, D. D., just published, and for sale by
Aug., 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

LAST NOTICE. ALL BONDS AND ACCOUNTS due Rankin & McLean, and not satisfactorily arranged by the 1st day of October next, will be placed in the proper officers hands for collection. Let all who are interested attend without delay, to this notice and save cost and trouble. JAS. H. LINDSAY, Trustee.
83—80. *For Rankin & McL.*

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails, Cordage, &c. R. G. LINDSAY.
N. E. corner of Elm & Market.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Vest and Fob Chains, Breastpins, Finger Rings, Revolvers, Pistols, Porte Monnaies and Spectacles for sale by S. ARCHER.

HAND VICES, BEEF MALL, Gunpowder, Blister & Cast-Steel, Wheat, Meal, & Sand Sieves, received and for sale by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

# THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.


WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## I'VE WANDERED MOTHER.

Mother, I've wander'd where thy youthful feet
In early life have often, often rov'd—
Lake thine my heart by fancy taught to beat,
Gaz'd with delight upon the scene you lov'd.

Yes; cedar groves, beneath thy spell'ring shade,
Where the soft stream in wild meanders roll,
A stranger strayed as evening shadows fade
And bless the gentle twilight of the soul.

As thro' these paths, where now I pensive tread
Like mine, thy buoyant feet have lightly prest;
Yes; thro' the silent lapse of years have fled,
The same sensation may have warm'd thy breast.

Methinks I see thee as thou mov'st along,
Lit by the beam of Vesper's dewy ray,
Breathe thy sad soul in soft poetic song
And mourn some absent friend far, far away.

Sweet rustic scene, again your simple charms
Might please the heart that once a shelter found;
Who here retired from the din of arms,
Forgot that desolation reign'd around.

Farewell, sweet grove yet feign, would fancy twine
A wreath unfading as your verdant bloom,
Soft as the rays that o'er thy streamlet shine
Where the wild rose exhales its sweet perfume.

But vain attempt I now must bid adieu—
Again must glide adown thy winding stream,
Yet still thy placid shades these eyes pursue—
Still tries to trace them by the moon's pale beam.

ENOLA.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Enclosed you will find a short article that my eye chanced to fall upon, while looking over a file of old newspapers. If you will give it one insertion in the columns of your excellent paper you will thereby accommodate one of the fraternity of *honest bachelors*. The article is well written and true to the life in all of its parts. I will only venture to add a prehaps of my own which is. If most of our becoming and dashing young ladies who are evidently on the look out for husbands were not to crowd the fashions so strongly and dress quite so extravagantly it is possible that some of the bashful old baches, and deserving young ones might be induced to stammer out something very interesting to many an anxious soul

"Who God has created with a smile of grace
And left the smiles that made hue on her face."

But as matters now stand this thing is utterly out of the question, there is two much "*fuss and feathers*" in market for the stringency in the monetery world.

Modest, sensible bachelors cannot nor will not press their claims under such circumstances. And untill there is a great fall in *Crinoline* there need be expected but a slight demand in the Matrimonial Market. And that will be indicated by such fast young men as advertise in the Newspapers who are from present indications likely to monopolize the trade now in Market. Respectfully yours,

BEN BOLT.

## BASHFUL MEN.

There is hope for these poor fellows yet. Somebody has been giving them a "first rate puff," and the press has been generous enough to pass the apology round. We, of course will give them the benefit of hearing among the rest. Here is the article:

We never saw a genuinely bashful man who was not the soul of honor. Though such may blush and stammer, and shrug their shoulders awkwardly, unable to throw forth, with ease, the thoughts that they would express, yet, commend them to us for friends.

There are fine touches in their characters that time will mellow and bring out—perceptions as delicate as the faintest tint is to the unfolding rose; and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful that they do not flow with the impetuosity of the shallow streamlet.

We are astonished that such men are not appreciated; that ladies with really good hearts, cultivated intellects will reward the gallant Sir Moustachio Brainless with smiles and attentions, because he can fold a shawl gracefully and bandy compliments with Parisian elegance, while they will not condescend to look upon the worthier man, who feels for them a reverence so great that every mute glance is worship.

The man who is bashful in the presence of ladies, is their defender when the loose tongue of the slanderer would defame them. It is not he who boasts of conquests, or dares to talk glibly of failings that exist in his imagination alone; his cheek will flush with resentment, his eye flash with anger, to hear the name of woman coupled with a coarse oath; and yet he who would die to defend them is least honored by the majority of our sex.

Who ever heard of a bashful libertine? The anomally was never seen. Ease and elegance are his requisites—upon his lips sits flattery, ready to pay court alike to blue eyes and blacks; he is never nonplused, he never blushes For a glance, he is in raptures—for a word, he would, professedly lay down his life. Yet it is he who fills our vile city dens with wrecks of female purity—it is he who profanes the holy name of mother—desolates the shrine where domestic happiness is enthroned—ruins the heart that trusts in him—pollutes the very air he breathes—and all under the mask of a polished gentleman!

Ladies, a word in your ear; have you a lover and would you possess a worthy husband?—Choose him whose delicacy of department, whose sense of your worth leads him to stand aloof while others crowd around you. If he blushes, stammers, even, at your approach, consider them so many signs of exalted opinion of your sex. If he is retiring and modest, let not a thousand fortunes weigh him down in the balance—for, depend upon it, with him your life will be happier with poverty, than with many anothers surrounded by the splendor of palaces.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

## BE CAREFUL OF MY NERVES.

BY ERNEST M. BEMENT.

My good woman, I pray you, be careful of my nerves. Don't slam the chairs around so. can't you sit them down gently? Slam-bang! There goes the table. It's got wheels, woman, can't you roll it into its place? There, then, don't brush that dust into my face. Upon my word I never saw the like of you in the whole course of my life. What in the——Good gracious, woman, what possessed you to spill my ink? Get out of my sight, and never let me see you here again in my presence.

Was ever mortal so provoked in the world? Here that infernal servant must come to arrange my library while I was in it, and busy too. Confound her, if she ever does it again I shall be tempted to pitch her out at the window. I won't put up with such impudence; my nerves wont allow it, and I—the author of the celebrated papers an metaphysics—wont allow it.

Servants in the old country, when I was there were not so outrageously impudent—the seas swallow the whole of them—they did not dare to be; but here in this free country where the wild son of Erin gets pay for work *not* done, I am sorry to see that they actually possess the power of crowding the mistress into the kitching while they appropriate the parlor to their own especial and particular use. I'm fibbing am I? not a bit of it, for by the life of my nerves, I have seen in as handsome a parlor as was ever entered, a kitching girl—the deuce take her——entertaining her company, with the greatest apparent care and freedom; feasting her guests with the best in the house and having a good time generally.

Now I will not pretend to say that those known and classified as "maid servants" have no souls, but I will say that a house-keeper who will allow them to do precisely as they please; feed as many dozen families as they can out of the larder, and cut up all manner of monkey-shines, as they do, besides driving her into the kitching is as senseless, brainless and good-for-nothing a *notion*, as one man can have anything to do with. I've put a veto on the whole arrangement, thereby saving my nerves, and a neck certainly, providing, the, "*necessary evil*" obeys instructions and "toes the mark." True every word of it.

## A Contrast—Prepared or Unprepared.

A few days since, in one of our Western States, a condemned and sentenced murderer was led forth to die. As he stepped upon the gallows and felt that he was confronting death, a horror of fear seized him, his lips were white and quivering, an ashy pallor overspread his face, a glassy, death-like stare settled in his eyes, whilst his convulsed hands were raised in supplication. What was it that thus blanched the cheeks of the poor wretch, that made him shiver, and tremble, and moan in anguish! Was it the dread of pain, or the shame of such an end before thousands of his fellow-men? No! The veil was raised, and he saw that he stood upon the threshold of Eternity, unprepared to meet his God. What wonder then, that helplesss to resist, he stood ghastly with dismay upon the brink, and shrank with horror from the fearful, irrevocable plunge.

Turn to another dying scene. Not long since a Penn-sylvania pastor went into his pulpit upon the Sabbath. He preached from the words, 'Enoch walked with God and he was not, for God took him.' Returning to his home, he went to his bed. He was sick unto death, but he knew it not. Two days later the physician stood by his bedside, with his finger upon the sick man's pulse. The patient saw an unspoken message in his eye, and asked whether he was in danger of present death. He was told that he was, that in a few hours, at most, he must enter Eternity.—The sentence unheard had gone forth, and without warning he must die. How was he affected by the startling news? He calmly said, 'this is sudden, I did not expect it. But, blessed be God! I have no preparation to make. That was made long ago. I am a sinnner, but I have trusted in the righteousness of my blessed Saviour. I throw myself upon him! God is with me—not a cloud, not a fear—entire trust in my Saviour. I did not expect this, but thanks be to God for such a death! It is sweet, it approaches with tender, gentle, loving embrace—can it be death?"

Reader! the sentence of death rests upon thee also. The hour thou knowest not. It will come when least looked for. Then leave it not unanswered to thine own consciousness and to God.—*American Presbyterian*

## GIVE ME ANOTHER NOVEL!

Give me another novel,
A novel soft and fat!
Of flirting and society,
Upholstery and all that.

A novel of misses and kisses,
A novel *a la* spoon,
Of evening party blisses
And walks by the light of the moon.

A novel of common place people:
Of lovers like me and you,
To make us believe we're in love, love!
To make us believe we're true.

## A COLORED DISCOURSE.

A Duncan Falls correspondent of the *Knickerbocker*, who writes from Mansfield, Ohio, sends the following 'Discourse,' for the authenticity of which he vouches without reserve having taken it down from the thick lips of the orator himself:

"My tex, brudren and sisters, will be foun in de fus chapter of Genesis, and de twenty-seben werse:—

"'So de Lor made Adam.' I tole you how he make him: He make him out of clay, an he sot him on a board, an he look at im an he say, 'Fus-rate,' an when he git dry, he brethe in him de breff of life. He put him in de garden ob Eden, an he sot him in one corner ob de lot, an he tole him to eat all de apples, ceptin dem in de middle ob de orchard, dem he wanted for de winter apples.—By-em-bye Adam he lonesome. So de Lord make Ebe. I tole you how he make her. He gib Adam lodlum till he got sound 'sleep; den he gouge a rib out his side, and den make Ebe; an he sot Ebe in de corner ob de garden, an he tole her to eat all de apples ceptin dem in de middle ob de orchard; he want for winter apples. One day de Lor go out a bisitin, de debbil cum along, he dress hisself in de skin ob de snake, an he find Ebe! Why for you no eat de apples in de middle ob de orchard? Ebe say dem's de Lor's winter apples. But de debbil say, I tele you for to eat dem, kase dey's de best apples in de orchard. So Ebe eat de apple, an gib Adam a bite; an de debbil go away. Bymeby de Lor cum home, an he miss de winter apples; an he call 'Adam?' Adam he lay low; so de Lor call agin—'You Adam!' Adam say 'hea Lor! An Lor say, 'Who stole de winter Apples?' Adam tole him he don't know, 'Ebe, he spect.' So de Lor call Ebe. Ebe, she lay low. De Lor call again, 'You Ebe!' Ebe say, 'hea, Lor!' De Lor say, 'Who stole dem winter apples?' Ebe tole him she don't know. Adam, she spect. So de Lor cotch 'em boff, an he trow dem ober de fence, an he tole 'em, 'now go work for your libbin!'"

PREPARING GROUND.—Fruit raisers intending to set out trees, and who know the advantages of a good well prepared soil, should give early attention to its proper preparation; and those who do not know its advantages should now make the trial. Many western soils are already sufficiently fertile, and others not; but in the eastern and middle States, all need enriching. The autumn application of manure is especially valuable to fruit trees, which need a thorough incorporation with the soil before receiving the roots. Freshly applied, badly mixed manure, may do for some crops, but not for fuit trees, and well decayed composts are always the best. We lately observed an experiment showing the difference in the present season's growth between last autumn's and last spring's application of manure, the growth of the former being about triple the latter. There are various ways of enriching the soil for trees—by digging large holes, by subsoil and trench plowing, &c.; but in either case the manure should be mixed with the earth in autumn. Large holes, dug now, and filled at once with the earth and compost, will be in a far better condition for the reception of trees next spring, and will impart a much better growth to them, than if the holes are dug then; and the same remark applies to any other mode of preparing the soil, as plowing.

## CLEAN TEETH.

Under the above caption a distinguished apothecary, by way of puffing into market his "celebrated dentrifice," addresses the following very sensible remarks "to the ladies."

Nothing in the world annoys old bachelors so much, when conversing with a bright-eyed, pouting-lipped, and intelligent lady, than to see a row of dirty teeth (we call them pearls when clean), in a mouth which should emanate nothing but savory perfumes, and where every thing should be sweet and pure. We admire a beautiful set of teeth, and are astonished that you should allow your beauty to be impaired by showing a set of ivory which would disgrace a tobacco-chewer. We are happy to say there are very few to whom these remarks are applicable. The prettiest teeth, though, are liable to decay unless properly attended to.

Having thus copied the good of our quack neighbor's article, we omit the evil part of it, assuring all ladies, and all gentlemen, too, that a little touch of a moderately stiff tooth-brush, once or twice a day, dipped in nice, clean, pure *aqua*, which can be had anywhere at the rate of a paifull for nothing, will work wonders on dirty teeth.

(*Aqua* don't mean *snuff*.)

"Did you know I was here?" said the bellows to the fire.

"Oh, yes, I always contrive to get wind of you," was the reply.

"Jack," said a man to a lad just entering his teens, "your father's drowned."

"Darn it," replied the young hopeful, "and he's got my knife in his pocket."

"Of earthly goods the best is a good wife,
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life."

# Farm, House and Fyn.

## Preparing Green Corn for Winter Use.

We copy the following from the *Courier*, published at Newark:

No article of food is more wholesome and nutritious, in the winter season especially, than green corn properly dried. The methods of preserving green corn heretofore practiced, have been: First, to boil the ear, and then either to dry on the cob or shave from the cob and dry. Secondly, to shave from the cob without boiling, and then to dry. A third process was a few weeks since patented by David Rowe of Baltimore county, Md., which is that of extracting the pith from the ear, and then drying on the cob.

In unripe corn there is a large proportion of saccharine and other nutritious elements in the cob, and particularly in the pith of the cob, which if the ear be boiled are by the boiling arrested and prevented from passing into the kernel, during the operation of drying, and are consequently lost. These elements are all likewise lost if the corn be shaved from the cob without boiling. If the pith be extracted as in the third process, then so much of these elements as are contained in the pith are lost. By boiling preparatory to drying, the corn is rendered close and hard, and does not become soft and succulent by cooking. And the labor of preparing for drying by any of these modes is so great that it deters most people from attempting to preserve more than will suffice for a luxury.

A few days since our attention was called to a new process, which makes the fourth, and which will, perhaps, come to be known as the Culver or Culveran process, it being the invention of Stephen Culver, Esq., of this village (Newark, N. Y.) Mr. Culver's process is to cut or split the ear longitudinally, by means of a suitable apparatus, into halves or smaller divisions, and then to dry cob and all. His process seems to us to obviate fully all the objections existing against the others. The labor of preparing for drying is but a trifle, the corn being dried on the cob without boiling or extraction of pith, takes up during the operation of drying a large proportion of the saccharine and other nutritious elements, which by the other modes are wholly lost. As soon as the cob is laid open it curves inwardly and separates the kernels from each other, so that by the exposure of the internal part of the cob and the separated kernels to the air, the drying is effected with greater facility than it can be by any of the other modes.

A CALCULATION TO LOOK AT.—Suppose a man drinks four glasses of liquor a day, at five cents a glass, in a week he spends $1 40, and in a year $72 80. This will buy the following articles; Four barrels of flour, say $24; four pair of boots 15; forty pounds of butter, $10; one hundred pounds of beef, $9; a new hat, $4; a new satin vest, $4; a bonnet for wife, $5; sugar plums for children, 180 cents—total, $72 80. *California Farmer.*

QUESTIONS FOR A WIFE.—Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That was, is, and ever will be, your evil genius! It is the tempter which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with an evil delusion that your husband deserved your anger, when he really most required your love. It is the cancer which feeds on those unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip. Never forget the manner in which the duties of that calling can alone be fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him—and the good natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your own.

An exchange thinks that it is woman herself, and not woman's wrongs that ought to be *re-dressed*.

"Suppose you are lost in a fog," said Lord C. to his noble relative the marchioness; "what are you most likely to be?" "Mist, of course," replied her ladyship.

"Julius, was you ever in business?"—'On course I was." "What business?" "A sugar planter!" "When was dat, my colored, friend?" "Der day I berried dat old sweetheart ob mine."

A LITERARY GIRL.—A young lady at a ball was asked by a lover of serious poetry whether she had seen Crabbe's Tales?—Why, no,' she answered, 'I didn't know that crabs had tails.' I beg your pardon, Miss,' said he, 'I mean have you *read* Crabbe's Tales? 'And I assure you, sir, I did not know that red crabs, or any other, had tails.'

Tom, you seem to gain flesh every day; the grocery business must agree with you. What did you weigh last?"

"Well, Simon, I really forget now, but it strikes me it was a pound of butter!"

"What are you writing such a big hand for, Fat?" "Why you see that my grandmother is dafe, and I'm writing a loud letter to her."

*Permanent Cure* in all affections of the throat and lungs are constantly being made by Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Great as is its reputation, its works are greater. Many physicians speak of it in the highest terms.


OAK RIDGE MALE INSTITUTE.—THE Fall Session of Oak Ridge, will open on the 27th of August next under the care and instruction of Rev. T. S. WHITTINGTON A. M., as Principal, with competent assistants.

Price of Tuition and Board as follows:—Tuition from $8 to $15 per session; Board $9 per month.

For further particulars, address the Principal, at Oak Ridge, Guilford county. N. C.
July 20th, 1857. 82:3m.

SIX MINUTE CHURNS.
ANOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.
JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

A FRESH SUPPLY OF GOOD COFFEE, just received and for sale by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

BOOK MUSLINS, JACONETT, Swiss & Cambric, both figured and plain. Diaper and Linen table covers, Whalebone and figured skirting, grass corded, and Hooped Skirts for sale at cash prices by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

SOMETHING NEW!
A FAMILY PROVISION STORE!
MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of
FAMILY GROCERIES,
which will be sold cheap for cash.
☞ Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

DANBURY FEMALE SEMINARY, STOKES COUNTY, N. C.—This institution, located at Danbury, N. C., in the midst of the romantic mountain region of North Carolina, and within a short distance of the Piedmont Springs, possesses unusual attractions; and the rare qualifications of the Instructors in imparting ornamental and useful learning, rank the Institution as one worthy of a most liberal patronage. Not only from its situation in one of the most beautiful and healthful portions of the State, but from the diligent and watchful care bestowed upon all who are placed in charge of the Principal, this School possesses peculiar advantages. Students are here prepared to enter any class in college. The Fall Session will open on the first Thursday in September, and close on the fourth Thursday in January following. The Spring Session will open on the same day, and continue twenty-one weeks. Pupils should consider the importance of being present at the opening.

Board can be had at from $6 to $7. Tuition in English course, $5—8—10, according to standing. Music $18; French $5. For fuirther information adress ADA MOORE, Principal, Danbury, N. C. 6m

NOTICE—THE SUBSCRIBER is now prepared to furnish a superior quality of fancy Dress, Opery and Waterproof Boots, footing, &c. And will be sold very low for cash. He cannot do business unless he has money to make payments.
H. H. BRADY.
Greensboro, July 15. (80::3m)

W. GILMORE SIMMS' WORKS Complete, New and Revised Editions, with Illustrations. **Revolutionary Tales**—The Partisan; Mellichampe; Katharine Walton; The Scout; Woodcraft, The Forayers Eutaw; **Border Romances**—Guy Rivers; Richard Hurdis; Border Beagles; Charlemont; Beauchampe; Confession; The Yemassee; Southword, Ho! **Poems**—In two volumes. At the Book Store by
April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anker Brand Cloths of all Nos. from 1 to 11, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted, delivered at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad.
R. G. LINDSAY,
April, 1857. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

MELANOTYPES AND AMBROTYPES:—The Subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the ladies and gentlemen of Greensborough and vicinity to his Melanotype Pictures which are taken on sheet iron manufactured expressly for the purpose. In richness of tone, warmth of expression, completeness of detail, and boldness of feature, good Melanotypes are not surpassed for durability. There is no question of their superiority. They will receive a fall without a fracture, a bend without injury; may be washed off when soiled, be handled without the face being marred, unless abused by rough scratching which would deface the best oil painting; they are susceptible of high and very beautiful coloring; they are suitable for Lockets, Breast-pins, Rings, &c. The above pictures are taken and put up in a style not surpassed in the State.

Prices varying from **$1.00 to $10.00**, according to size and quality. Transparent pictures put up by the New Silicated process.

Room No. 4 on 2nd story of Garrett's New Brick Building.
May 6. A. STARRETT.

A NEW CABINET SHOP—J. A. PRITCHETT would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.

Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge*.

He is desirous that all persons wishing anything in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop. 60::1y

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.
AT a meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including every thing necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, $6.50 per month.
Paid at the end of the Term, 7.00 "
Washing, 75 "
This will reduce the necessery expenses to about $105 per annum, for the highest rate.
Next term commences September 17.
B. CRAVEN.
Sept. 2, 1856. 31-tf

HAWKS' HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA for sale at the Book Store by
E. W. OGBURN & CO.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.
Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.
And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

MARBLE YARD,
NORTH STREET OPPOSITE HOPKINS HOTEL,
Greensboro, N. C.
THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a Marble Shop a few doors North of the Court House, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of MONUMENTS, TOMBS and GRAVE STONES, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. He flatters himself that for workmanship he will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
GEO. HEINRICH.
Feb. 2, 1857. (57::1y.)

All kinds of Blanks for Sale.

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.
*July*, 1856.

Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.

Also,
Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes,
Sinclair's Little Champion, & Leavelt's improved Young American. } Corn & Cob Crushers.
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added.
JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

New Books just received at the Book Store.
Lena Rivers, Mrs. M. J. Holmes.
The Heiress of Greenhurst, Mrs. Stephenson.
Adam Graeme of Mossgray, by the Author of Zaidee.
Indigenous Races of the Earth.
Inquire Within, or 3700 facts for the people.
For sale by E. W. OGBURN & Co.
June 24.

SUMMER DISTRIBUTION—COMMON SCHOOLS, 1857.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. | 1 | $26.18 | No. 27 | $26.80 | No. 53 | $34.00 |
| | 2 | 24.48 | 28 | 40.46 | 54 | 32.30 |
| | 3 | 26.86 | 29 | 25.16 | 55 | 37.74 |
| | 4 | 25.84 | 30 | 41.14 | 56 | 30.60 |
| | 5 | 44.54 | 31 | 29.58 | 57 | 39.44 |
| | 6 | 32.30 | 32 | 31.62 | 58 | 21.08 |
| | 7 | 27.50 | 33 | 52.02 | 59 | 35.70 |
| | 8 | 28.56 | 34 | 48.62 | 60 | 24.14 |
| | 9 | 28.56 | 35 | 19.72 | 61 | 23.46 |
| | 10 | 26.52 | 36 | 48.62 | 62 | 21.42 |
| | 11 | 23.80 | 37 | 36.72 | 63 | 24.14 |
| | 12 | 23.80 | 38 | 58.48 | 64 | 20.40 |
| | 13 | 17.68 | 39 | 10.88 | 65 | 23.80 |
| | 14 | 20.74 | 40 | 23.12 | 66 | 18.70 |
| | 15 | 23.46 | 41 | 28.22 | 67 | 23.12 |
| | 16 | 34.68 | 42 | 39.78 | 68 | 24.14 |
| | 17 | 24.82 | 43 | 27.20 | 69 | 9.52 |
| | 18 | 25.66 | 44 | 17.68 | 70 | 13.60 |
| | 19 | 30.60 | 45 | 24.48 | 71 | 38.76 |
| | 20 | 7.48 | 46 | 29.24 | 72 | 18.02 |
| | 21 | 25.50 | 47 | 23.12 | 73 | 17.68 |
| | 22 | 31.96 | 48 | 24.54 | 74 | 26.86 |
| | 23 | 46.24 | 49 | 16.32 | 75 | 25.16 |
| | 24 | 26.72 | 50 | 44.54 | 76 | 15.64 |
| | 25 | 22.44 | 51 | 14.62 | | |
| | 26 | 27.54 | 52 | 28.56 | | |

84. E. W. OGBURN, Ch'n B. Sup't.

GREAT ATTRACTION AT S. ARCHER'S STORE.—The Subscriber is now receiving a superior stock of ready made Clothing, Shirts, Drawers, Cravats, Collars, Suspenders, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Socks, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Traveling Bags, Umbrellas and a great many other things too numerous to mention, and generally kept in a gentleman's furnishing store, to which he invites the attention of his friends, customers and the public. He flatters himself that he can and promises that he will offer them lower than any other house in this section of the country. These goods were bought low for cash, and will be sold low again for cash. Persons in want of such goods just call, examine and let the subscriber know that you have got the cash to pay for what you buy, and you will buy goods cheaper than you ever did before.
S. ARCHER.
East Market st., Greensboro, April 1, 1857

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.—The subscriber being desirous of selling out, offers to the public his very valuable Plantation on which he now lives, situated on the Danville Road 10 miles from Greensboro. The tract is well timbered, well watered, has good bottom land, and has a good Dwelling House and all the necessary out buildings to render a farm residence pleasant, with a very good well in the yard. The Tract contains between 250 and 300 acres of Land.

It will be sold at private sale on reasonable terms and payments arranged to suit the purchaser. WM. D. SMITH.
July 13, 1857. 80-tf.

RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; Tit for Tat, a reply to, "Dud;" Magdelane Hepburn, by the author of Zaidee; Live and Learn; Prince of the House of David; Missing Bride; Spurgeon, the modern Whitfield; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS,
Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.

The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.
January 1, 1856. 1-1y.

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE, having settled in Greensboro', where she expects to carry on Bleaching, Cutting, Triming and Shaping of Bonnets, flatters herself from her long experience in the business, that she can give satisfaction to all who may give her a call. She can make the most ill-shaped Bonnet look as bright as if new. She is prepared to furnish the most fashionable Trimmings.

All work sent from a distance shall be promptly attended to. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction.

Call in the corner house in the rear of Messrs. J. & F. GARRETT'S STORE. (44:tf)

Annals of Southern Methodism, 1856, Deems' for sale by
June 24. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

WALDRON'S GRASS & CRADLING Scythes, Hay & Manure Forks of the best quality for sale at cash prices by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

LAMPS.
A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!
The public are informed that the subscriber is at work at his old stand on West Market Street and ready to receive orders, for anything in his line of business which will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. The character of his work is too well known in this and surrounding counties to make it necessary to say more than, he will do his best on all work he engages to make.

A Full Supply of Metalic Coffins from 2 feet 6 inches to 6 feet 4 inches in lenght. Coffins made to order on short notice.

"You will take due notice thereof and govern yourself accordingly."
July 1, 1857. P. THURSTON, *Agent.*

PROSPECTUS OF THE NORTH CAROLINA JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—At the recent meeting of the N. C. Educational Association, in Warrenton, the undersigned were appointed a committee to make the necessary arrangements for publishing a monthly Journal, with the above title.

Having made arrangements for issuing the first No. in September next, they call, with confidence, upon the friends of Education throughout the State, and especially upon Teachers and School Officers, to send subscriptions immediately, that they may be enabled to go on with the work. They feel assured that, if those, who have the educational interests of our State at heart, will exert themselves, the number of subscribers, requisite to insure complete success, can be secured within one week, after the publication of this prospectus.

The Journal is to be devoted entirely to the interests of Education, and will be published under the auspices of the State Educational Association. It will be the organ of the Association and of all affiliated or subordinate Associations in the State. It will labor to promote the great cause of Education, in all its grades, as *one cause;* and to foster a general sympathy between teachers and officers of Common Schools, Academies and Colleges, as co-laborers in that *one great cause.* It will strive to advance the interests of the COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM OF THE STATE, as underlying all other interests, and sustaining, on its vast granite base, our great educational structure, and will furnish a channel of communication between the General Superintendent of Common Schools and those who feel an interest in their welfare. The Journal will be edited by a Board of Editors, composed of C. H. wiley, Superintendent of Common Schools, and a number of the leading Teachers of the State, and one local Editor, who will receive all communications and superintend the publication.

All communications should be addressed to *the Editor of the Journal of Education, Greensboro, N. C.*

TERMS:—The Journal will be published monthly, in magazine form, in handsome style, and will contain 48 pages, at *the following rates:*
One copy, one year,.....$2
Six copies, " " (to one address).....10
Subscriptions required invariably *in advance,* and receipts sent in the first No.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

| | *One year.* | *6 months.* | *3 months.* | *1 month.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| One page | $75..... | $40..... | $22..... | $8 |
| Half " | 40..... | 22..... | 12..... | 5 |
| ¼ " | 22..... | 12..... | 7..... | 3 |
| 16 lines | 12..... | 7..... | 4..... | 2 |

Advertisements by the year payable quarterly. All others monthly.

Teachers sending $50 for 25 subscribers will be entitled to advertisements of their Schools, of 16 lines, for one year.

There are at all times a number of Schools of all grades, needing teachers and of teachers who want situations; and it is not at all uncommon for parties situated to advertise their desires and wants in papers not expressly devoted to the cause of Education. If all such, by general consent, would keep standing notices in the Journal, it would be an easy matter for teachers to find out all vacant situations, and for Committees and Trustees to learn the address of all teachers wanting places.

It is, therefore, the desire of the conductors of the Journal to publish a Directory of this kind, and to all who will furnish standing notices of their wants very liberal deductions will be made from the usual advertising rates.

☞ The papers of the State are respectfully requested to publish this Prospectus and thus aid in advancing the cause of Education.

C. H. WILEY, G. W. BROOKS, C. C. COLE, W. W. HOLDEN, WM. ROBINSON, } Committee of the N. C. Educational Association.

THE FAR-FAMED AND POPULAR Maryland Lotteries for Sept., 1857. R. FRANCE & CO., Managers. All Prize Scheme! Grand Consolidated Lottery of Maryland, *Class L,* to be drawn SATURDAY, Sep. 26th, in Baltimore, Md. *Drawings conducted under the supervidence of the State Lottery Commissioner.*

SCHEME.

78 Numbers—14 Drawn Ballots.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | $62.900 | $62.900 |
| 2 | 15.000 | 30.000 |
| 2 | 10.000 | 20.000 |
| 2 | 8.000 | 16.000 |
| 2 | 6.000 | 12.000 |
| 5 | 5.000 | 25.000 |
| 5 | 3.700 | 18.500 |
| 5 | 2.500 | 12.500 |
| 5 | 1.800 | 9.000 |
| 10 | 1.750 | 17.500 |
| 10 | 1.500 | 15.000 |
| 10 | 1.250 | 12.500 |
| 20 | 1.000 | 20.000 |
| 295 | 400 | 118.000 |
| 128 | 200 | 25.600 |
| 128 | 100 | 12.800 |
| 5.598 | 40 | 222.720 |
| 28.224 | 20 | 564.480 |

34.412 prizes, amounting to $1.262.000
*Wholes* $20; *Halves* 10; *Quarters* 5; *Eighths* 2.50.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Certificate of 26 Wholes,..... | | $282 00 |
| Do. | 26 Halves,..... | 141 00 |
| Do. | 26 Quarters,..... | 70 50 |
| Do. | 26 Eighths,..... | 35 25 |

HAVANA PLAN.
GRAND CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY of Md. *Extra Class* 9, to be drawn in Baltimore, Md., Saturday, Sep. 26th, 1857.
SPLENDID SCHEME.

| *Capital Prizes.* | | *Approx Prizes.* |
|---|---|---|
| 1 prize of | $23.000 | 4 of $600 |
| 1 " | 11.760 | 4 of 300 |
| 2 prizes of | 5.000 | 8 of 200 |
| 4 " | 4.000 | 16 of 150 |
| 4 " | 3.500 | 16 of 100 |
| 4 " | 2.500 | 16 of 80 |
| 4 " | 1.500 | 16 of 60 |
| 5 " | 1.200 | 20 of 50 |
| 175 " | 300 | 700 of 40 |

1.000 prizes, amounting to $198.100
Whole Tickets $1; Halves 5; Quarters 2.50.
☞ Please address all orders for Tickets in the above Magnificent Schemes, to
T. H. HUBBARD & CO.
No. 29 Fayette st., or Box, No. 90,
(41::1y) Baltimore, Maryland.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—Important Announcement to all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the vice of Onanism, or Self Abuse, &c., &c.

The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, have directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all persons thus afflicted, who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty and suffering, to furnish Medicines *free of charge.*

The Howard Association is a benevolent Institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with "Virulent and Epidemic Diseases." It has now a surplus of means, which the Directors have voted to expend in advertising the above notice. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

Just published, by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the vice of Onanism, Masturbation or Self Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed envelope,) *free of charge,* on the receipt of *TWO STAMPS* for postage.

Address, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President.
GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. (59:1y)

TEXT